HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION
VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1869.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1892.
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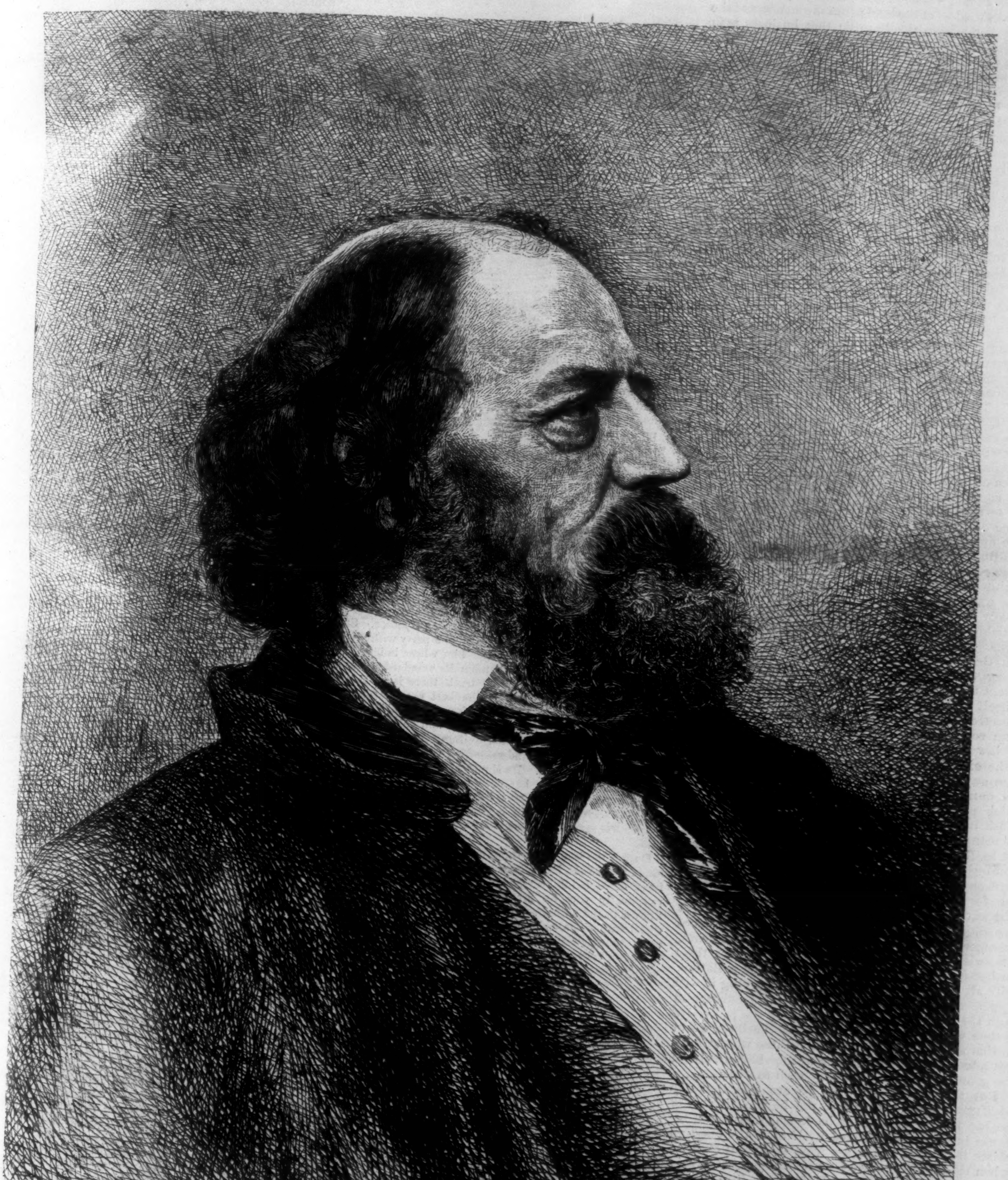


LORD TENNYSON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

BUSINESS STABILITY.

WHEN the advocate of the McKINLEY tariff is hard pressed for argument, he will at last resort to the plea that whether the tariff is what it should be or not, it is now, and has been for some time, in force as the law of the land; that the business of the country has adapted itself to it; that business men are making their calculations and arrangements on the basis of its provisions; that a change of system at the present time would expose the business world to new and hurtful uncertainties; that there should at last be some stability in our economic policy to enable business men to know what conditions they have to deal with; that therefore the tariff should remain untouched, at least at present, leaving such changes as may be necessary for a more convenient time; and that to this end the Republican party should be kept in power. This plea has a certain plausibility, but candid inquiry will show it to be essentially fallacious in several important points.

In the first place, as has been repeatedly shown in these columns, the tariff, whether it ought to be left untouched or not, *will not* be left untouched by the protected interests themselves, if the Republican party is kept in power. A protective tariff is in its very nature unstable. The protected industries themselves never have recognized, and never will recognize, any existing tariff as harmonious, symmetrical, and generally satisfactory. Those of them that are put at a disadvantage by the advantages granted to others will always move for a revision of duties for their relief. Those which derive from the tariff the largest benefits will always ask for changes securing to them more certain or still larger profits. Adventurers who, without sufficient ability and business knowledge, have embarked in industrial enterprises, allured by the chances for the rapid acquisition of wealth, such as the tariff offers, and then come to grief by their own mismanagement, will always clamor to be helped out of the lurch by higher duties. In short, if the opponents of the protective system were ever so willing to abstain for a while from disturbing the existing tariff, there would be incessant tinkering and interminable unrest, making business calculations uncertain, caused by its friends themselves. Already the cry for more has begun to be heard, the insatiable shepherds of Ohio leading the swelling chorus.

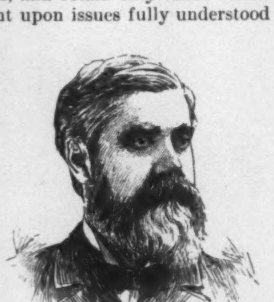
In the second place, is there any sensible man among those demanding the continuance of the present tariff on the ground that business has adapted itself to it who really believes that the opponents of protection will ever cease to question the justice of an economic system which, by the operation of the law of the land, enriches a small favored class at the expense of the large majority of the people? Does any one really expect that in a free country like ours the voice of the opposition to a system which puts the government at the service of the selfish interest of a favored few, to the detriment of the many, will ever be silent? That opposition cannot be forced to desist, and it cannot be persuaded. Nothing is more certain than that so long as such a tariff as we have exists, there will be a fierce agitation for its abolition. If there are business men who advocate its continuance because their business has adapted itself to it, there are a great many more business men, taking the word in its widest sense, who wish to have it out of the way because their business interests are injured by it. The agitation, with all the unrest necessarily accompanying it, will therefore continue as long as the tariff exists, and both the friends and the opponents of the protective system will do their best to keep the business world in that state of uncertainty which those who at present advocate the continuance of Republican rule on the ground of business stability wish to avoid.

But this is not all. If we are told that the McKINLEY tariff may indeed not be what it should be, but that it should not be touched just now because business has adapted itself to it, the question arises, looking at the matter from that point of view, when the time will come for the changes which may be considered necessary. If business has adapted itself to the McKINLEY tariff now, a year and a half after its enactment, will not business have adapted itself to the McKINLEY tariff still more in five, or in ten, or in twenty years? And will not this reason for the undisturbed continuance of the McKINLEY tariff be in twenty years just as strong as now, and in fact a good deal stronger? Will not the same plea hold good forever? Is not, according to this course of reasoning, the McKINLEY tariff to be regarded as a permanent institution to be held sacred and inviolable forever, for the reason that the business of the country, having adapted itself to it, would be unsettled by any disturbance of that institution? These questions carry their own answer with them.

Evidently, if there are reasons why the high protective system should be done away with, it will be wise to make the necessary change before the business of the country has adapted itself to that system still more. The adapting process should not be permitted to go much farther. The longer we wait with the reform called for, the greater and more painful will be the wrench. All things considered, the most propitious time for doing that which must be done is now, and we should not hesitate to give power to the party that will do it.

REPUBLICANS BECOME DEMOCRATS.

IF votes could be weighed, and not counted, we should have an ideal election. Let every man's vote tell in the result directly in the ratio of the intelligence and patriotism represented by it, and we should reach a perfect verdict of public opinion. But it is startling to think how many ballots would need to be thrown out entirely. Eliminate every vote influenced by money or by favors, by hope of office or by friendship, by habit, partisanship, or prejudice, by personal, local, or class interests, and retain only those which express a deliberate judgment upon issues fully understood and considered in the light of the public welfare alone, and no one will deny that the registry lists would be vastly shortened. Yet the success and permanency of popular government depend wholly on the degree in which the actual work of universal suffrage, in its grand and general results, will coincide with the results of the ideal election we have imagined.


JUDGE GRESHAM.

There are honest and intelligent minds in all great parties, and it is not to be presumed that, even if the wise and just could be discovered and constituted an electorate, their decision upon the questions of policy at any time in dispute would be unanimous. Men are fortunately so constituted that opinions in a living community will always differ as to political principles and theories. But if, during any public canvass for votes, there is a notable drift of the minds which are most intelligent and most impartial to one side or the other, the fact is one whose significance cannot be exaggerated. It goes far to indicate what the result of the ideal election would be. There is, of course, no way to detect such a drift for those whose first principle is that all wisdom and justice are on their own side, and that adhesion to the other side is conclusive proof of folly or prejudice. Such men are apt to identify slavish fealty to a party with virtue, and to regard as morally culpable him whose independent convictions compel him to abandon its standard. But to the mind which is open to the truth there is no fact so significant as an indication of the best possible decision between two parties as the revolt from one and the accession to the other of a man whose life and character prove that no motive but the national welfare controls his course, and whose capacity for understanding what that welfare requires is unquestioned. Its significance is vastly increased if the man in question has been for many years identified with the party he abandons, has been a leader in its contests, has served the public honorably at its call, and by his new course severs the associations, habits, and ambitions of a life.

During the last week three conspicuous men, who have long honored the Republican party by contributing to it the force of high intellect and character, have declared their purpose to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. Two of them are known to the nation as among the most learned of its judicial authorities, trained to deliberation and decision with absolute impartiality on legal questions; the third, also eminent as a lawyer, is still more widely known as an able and upright statesman, and as one of the most earnest and efficient organizers of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. From Judges GRESHAM and COOLEY we have no formal declaration of the reasons for the support they give to the Democratic candidate. But Mr. MACVEAGH, in a letter which has been widely published, explains clearly his motives and political principles. These are doubtless substantially the same which have influenced the minds of the other jurists we have named, and they are such as should be candidly weighed by every citizen.

MR. MACVEAGH.

Mr. MACVEAGH has for many years been a prominent advocate of civil service reform in its broadest sense, including not only the transaction of all public business by persons selected solely for their fitness, but the entire control of government by considerations of the public welfare, to the exclusion of private ends and of class legislation. As Attorney-General of the United States in the administration of President GARFIELD he prosecuted with resolute courage and with marked ability one of the most powerful conspiracies that ever plundered the national treasury, and his experience in this work impressed on his mind the profound conviction that the ultimate value of all legislation and administration, even that which is economic in its form and immediate purpose, is its moral value. Apart from all theories concerning the tariff, he now sees clearly that the management of the Republican party has become a combination to enrich certain classes at the expense of the nation; that its continuance in power can only continue and increase the progressive demoralization of our political life; and that nothing but the overthrow of this combination by a decisive popular vote can clear the way for those reforms in the spirit and the details of our government which are as essential to the honor as they are to the prosperity of the nation. This important thought is amplified and illustrated in his admirable letter, so that no fair mind can read it without being impressed with the conviction that something more is involved in the present canvass than a question of national revenue or of the incidence of taxation.

The mass of intelligent voters already accept the principles and policy for which the Republican party was formed, and upon which it won its early victories. The mind of the nation stands to-day with the Republicans of 1864. But let those who are proud of the party's history and achievements, and who still cling to its name and fame, read the declarations of such men as Mr. MACVEAGH, and understand that there is nothing in common between that historic party and the combination which upholds the McKINLEY tariff and threatens the force bill to-day, and they will realize that there is good reason for our belief that the ideal election of this year, by the wise and patriotic of all names and parties, would result in an overwhelming verdict against the party now in power, and for our confident hope that the actual verdict of the people will agree with this ideal.

THE LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

No doubt the delegates to the convention of humane societies which met last week at Buffalo found time to discuss the long-distance ride between Berlin and Vienna, in which, at the instigation of the German Emperor, German and Austrian officers essayed which could ride a single horse from one capital to the other in the shortest time. The hardships of the competition have turned out to be too realistic even for the taste of contemporary Europe. It is possibly of some military value to find out how many successive hours the contemporary man can sit on the back of the contemporary horse, and how far and how fast the contemporary horse can carry him; but in a generation in which public opinion has pronounced the chasing of tame stags in Windsor Forest by the royal buck-hounds to be unsportsmanlike, it is safe to expect the conclusion that to ride willing horses to death in a long-distance race is unmilitary. If it had been a bicycle race it would have seemed less objectionable, for bicycle-riders are esteemed to be reasoning creatures who know what they are about, and have a choice as to what they shall undertake. Horses have no such option, and though occasions may offer when it is justifiable to use up the last atom of a horse's vital energy under whip and spur, the mere desire to ascertain precisely how much vital energy the poor brute has got by no means seems to constitute such an occasion.

This foolishly protracted race recalls another competition which has been going on for twenty years past in most of the countries of Europe. Like this long-distance ride, it is primarily a test of endurance. Military chieftains are the riders, but their mounts are not horses, but biped tax-payers. The chief contestants are Germany and France, and the matter to be determined is which can carry the heaviest load of military organization the longest. The prize as between these two is Alsace and Lorraine, and sternly they contest for it, while the rest of Europe, also overloaded with soldiery, staggers along with them to see fair play, and be on hand for any rich pickings that may offer.

Perhaps, after all, a generation that has grown used to such a spectacle as that ought not to scoff too impatiently at long-distance riders.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now holding its triennial session at Baltimore, is a most important assembly. Looking merely at the men who compose it, we are struck by the great number of honored and conspicuous names which are found upon its roll. Among the members of the upper house, the House of Bishops, we find WILLIAMS and COXE, DOANE and POTTER. The most illustrious preacher of the P. E. Church takes his seat among those upper benches of the General Convention for the first time this year. But PHILLIPS BROOKS does not belong to one denomination only. His voice is listened to and re-echoed throughout the Christian world of America. The list of clergymen in the lower house comprises many who are well known in literature, many of them even better known as toilers in city centres and battlers for the happiness and spiritual elevation of the poor. Even a cursory glance at the names of lay delegates to the Convention brings home to us the conviction that the P. E. Church represents in our chief cities much of the wealth, culture, the legal eminence, and political distinction of the community.

These perhaps may seem to be but secondary qualifications for an assembly whose subject of discussion is the practical advancement of the religion of the Gospel. Yet it would be unfair to the Convention to limit its source of influence to these important characteristics. It will be allowed by all

who know anything about the matter that the growth of the P. E. Church in New York and other centres is due to other causes than these. No one will deny that Church the quality of zeal, of practical philanthropy, of living adaptability to the needs and changes of the hour. While allowing that other denominations may not have their honor and usefulness abated one jot by the concession, we venture to point to the P. E. Church as a progressive Church, as a Church whose human spirit and force are distinctly American and democratic. The gathering of its chief assembly is therefore a matter of interest to all who love their country. The Christian religion is tacitly accepted as the religion of the United States. It is right that the people of this country should acknowledge and admire that form of Christianity which is put forth by a Christian body at once ancient, conservative, and progressive. Yet chief among the movements for which the Christian world of America is indebted to the P. E. Church is that toward the union of all Protestant bodies in one faith, worship, and organization. The idea of union may be chimerical; no one can deny that it is magnificent and inspiring. The dream of political union in Italy and in the German states has been as dear to the hearts of enthusiasts as was the union of our own once disrupted republic to us. We do not know whether unity of opinion is as possible a thing as unity of government. Doubtless it would be a great advantage if united Italy and united Germany were to set the example that should be followed by a united Protestantism. We see that the General Convention of the P. E. Church is at this moment discussing a measure which may bring the unity of the churches one step nearer. Even if for the present the Convention fails in its efforts, we can at least credit the P. E. Church with having an ideal, and an ideal most splendid and imposing to the imagination. In practical works this Church has always been to the front. It is fortunate in possessing also a high enthusiasm, whose aim and scope would make reformed Christendom in this country not a group of distinct and independent forces marching under separate banners, but a Christian army whose embattled front would meet the lists of the world under one name and one flag.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE "ANTI-SNAPPERS."

THE attitude of the men of this city who protested against the Democratic February Convention, and who were the guiding and governing spirits of the Syracuse Convention, has once more come to be considered of great importance in political circles. The two leading parties have busied themselves with conjectures as to what these men were to do or to refrain from doing in the coming municipal contest, the effect of their determination not being of such moment in the mayoralty struggle as in the vastly larger field of national politics.

Few political movements in this country, aside from the purely moral causes that have enlisted the enthusiasms of the very flower of American manhood, have been so marked as theirs has been by devoted and unselfish patriotism. The quiet American citizen whose instincts are right and whose hope is for the best, but who looks for the accomplishment of his desires and aspirations to a leadership that he is always ready to follow, owes an immense debt of gratitude to the "anti-snappers" for the sacrifice they have made in the interest of good citizenship, and in hardly a single instance were those sacrifices accompanied by the thought, concealed or unconcealed, that the showy honors of politics would immediately reward them.

Those who saw in their effort only a war on the men who controlled the machinery of the Democratic party in the State of New York will find it difficult to conceive the self-abnegation that such a war involved. Standing on the outside, the on-lookers may have regarded it as a contest between two factions of the Democratic party, perhaps no more than a struggle for the capture of the State machine. It was much more than that. The movement was a conscientious revolt against what those engaged in it believed to be a denial of the right of the Democratic voters to control their own organization—otherwise a reversal of the fundamental principle of democracy itself.

The object of the movement was not merely to secure the nomination of GROVER CLEVELAND, although that was the natural and logical expression of its triumph. It was to prevent the success of what was judged to be the tyranny of an organization selected to do the bidding of the people whose wishes had been denied utterance. Its leader was CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, MR. CLEVELAND'S Secretary of the Treasury. Supporting him were prominent politicians and thousands of ardent young men, inspired by principle, many of them possessing a marked talent for public life, and most of them capable of doing arduous and effective work in the political field.

MR. FAIRCHILD.

In a speech made soon after the adjournment of the Chicago Convention, Mr. FAIRCHILD alluded to these young men as having risked their political futures in the cause which they had valiantly championed. As for himself, he said, he had no political future, for he had no political life. No one who listened to him on that interesting occasion could help regretting that this could be said in this country by any American statesman who had so ably rendered such conscientious service.

Every man with political ambition who actively engaged in the "anti-snap" movement antagonized those who were in control of the organization of which they were members—the men whom the Democratic party had placed in charge of the machinery by which nominations are anticipated and through the work of which elections are won. The first efforts of the protesters were attended with signal success. They enrolled in the State 250,000 Democrats. In the city of New York alone their list contained about 75,000 names. When they met at Syracuse they knew that there were many precedents in favor of their securing at least a share of the number of seats to which the State was entitled in the National Convention, and yet they voluntarily adopted a resolution leaving it discretionary with the delegates chosen for Chicago to ask or to refrain from asking for admission to the Convention.

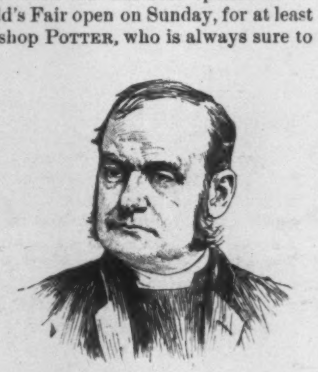
When they reached Chicago they discovered that the immediate object of their contest was gained. Two-thirds of the Convention were in accord with them on that point, but many of the delegates from distant States, anxious for a united and harmonious party, requested them not to make a contest. It was difficult for the younger men engaged in the movement to yield on this point. Not to contest was to suffer an apparent defeat, and to lose the prestige which they had gained by their great enrolment. But they yielded their own desires and ambitions to what had now come to be the common object of their party—an object which they the more gladly made their own because it involved the triumph of an essential principle.

When the Convention was over, and the organization for the campaign was perfected, they once more surrendered all the desire they might naturally have entertained for active management, in order that the cause which they espoused might not suffer from any effort to gain advantage for themselves. Doing this, they left the men against whom they had fought in full control of their party. Having done this, they cannot afford to damage the character they have won, nor weaken the influence for good they have attained, by entering into an ineffectual struggle for office. They have taught the politicians of both parties an impressive lesson. Thus far they have been inspired by what they regard as the good of their country, and it would be well for the country if, after the example thus set, the best men of each party should organize themselves into a reserve force which might be effectually felt whenever the party leaders threaten to go astray.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND SUNDAY.

THE last and strongest word that has been spoken in behalf of keeping the World's Fair open on Sunday, for at least part of the day, is by Bishop POTTER, who is always sure to be found on the enlightened side of every question of public interest.

In an article published in the current number of the *Forum*, the Bishop discusses the problem from the point of view of a thorough believer in the American Sunday. He recognizes the strong hold which is maintained upon the people of this country not only by the Christian Sunday, but by the modern accretions upon our day of rest, a hold which was clearly illustrated in a striking manner by the recent convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor.



BISHOP POTTER.

It is comparatively easy to show that the Sunday of our traditions is very far from being the Sunday of primitive Christianity; that its harshness is against the history of the day as it was observed by the first members of the Christian Church; but the problem presented to those who are in charge of the World's Fair is quite different from this. To them the question is one of right or wrong, and not only whether the admission of the public to the fair is in itself absolutely right or wrong, but whether or not it would offend against the proper prejudices and instincts of the vast majority of Americans, who consider not only all labor but all recreation on Sunday a violation of the sanctity of the day.

As the Bishop points out, the American reverence for a day of rest may be marked by keeping the exposition buildings closed during the morning, and forbidding the running of machinery or the trading operations of the exhibitors during the whole twenty-four hours. But why should not the elevating, artistic, and educational features of the fair do their refining task during the afternoon hours? Surely there is nothing demoralizing in the study and enjoyment of the progress of mankind in the arts of use and beauty. It is proposed to close the doors which lead to the gallery of arts, to the collections of the handiwork of our own and foreign peoples, to the exhibition of implements that signalize the triumph of men over the hard conditions of nature. The thought and labor that have gathered under the roofs of the fair buildings the best that man has accomplished must be shut to the visitors at Chicago on the day supposed to be devoted to their spiritual development. The liquor saloons will be open. The theatres will not be closed. But access is to be denied to the most complete illustration of human progress and refinement ever made on this continent.

Surely there is something in this proposal that is antagonistic to the very spirit which is invoked in its defence. It is a difficult matter to convince the American people that their traditions, their bringing up, their instincts are wrong, but the word that Bishop POTTER has spoken in that behalf should cause the most conservative to pause and ponder.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE BEST SOUVENIR of the New York Columbian Celebration will be a copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *dated October 22d. The celebration is going to be in every way the most magnificent and effective pageant the people of this or any other city in the United States have ever seen, and it would be unfortunate if, after it is over, there should be no souvenir to perpetuate its beauty, picturesqueness, and magnitude. On the day following the three great parades, the arches, the miles of bunting, the thousands on the grand-stands, and the pyrotechnic displays of the night will be as much things of the past as the tramp of the regiments of uniformed men and the salutes of the men-of-war in the harbor. The people of New York will have returned to their daily routine, and the visitors will have gone to their homes. But on the Wednesday following the great military parade* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will reproduce on its pages all the most important features of the celebration; artists and photographers will bring back again the legions of soldiers, the fleet of ships-of-war, the scenes in the streets and at the banquets and public meetings which will occur during the celebration. The events of the past week will live again on its pages, and in such excellent form that every one who has seen the celebration will desire this memento of it, and those who have not will know just what it was they have missed.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY *holds a place between the of necessity less timely monthly magazines and the hastily constructed daily papers. It leads the one in all subjects of news interest, and completes and properly presents the subjects which the latter can but touch in passing. Of all the weekly periodicals in this country* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is conspicuously the leader. That this is so can be very easily demonstrated. The same artists who illustrate the best magazines contribute also to it; the leading editorial and descriptive writers of the daily press write weekly for its columns, and a host of photographers all over the world forward to it their best and latest work. The first writers of English literature are among its contributors of short stories and serials, and its one page on Amateur Sport is more carefully read and considered than is the whole edition of any so-called sporting paper in the country.*

The number of the WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK *will be one you should order in advance, and of which you will desire extra copies to send to those who have not been able to see the celebration for themselves, but who will be able to get through the copy of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *a better idea of it than they can obtain from any other periodical in the country.*

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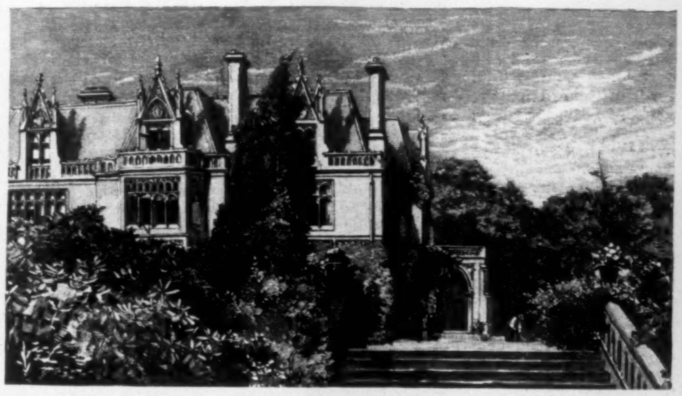
LORD TENNYSON IN HIS STUDY AS HE APPEARED AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FOUR.—[See Page 990.]

LORD TENNYSON AS A YOUNG MAN.
From the Picture by Sir T. Lawrence.

LORD TENNYSON AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE.

TENNYSON READING "MAUD."—From a Sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.



TENNYSON'S HOME AT ALDWORTH, SURREY.

FARRINGFORD HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

LADY TENNYSON.—After the Painting at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.

TENNYSON'S CHILDREN.—After the Painting at Aldworth by G. F. Watts, R.A.

TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE, SOMERSBY RECTORY, LINCOLNSHIRE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE life of Lord Tennyson was not of a kind that readily lends itself to the purposes of biography, for though it exceeded in length the life of any British poet of note, with the exception, perhaps, of Rogers, it was devoid of incidents and associations such as make the biographies of so many authors remarkable. It will not compare in its general interest with the life of Johnson as we know it through Boswell, the life of Byron as we know it through Moore, the life of Scott as we know it through Lockhart, or with the lives of Burns, Shelley, and Keats as we know them through their respective biographers. Quiet and uneventful, it avoided publicity as much as possible, contenting itself with the society of a few friends, the reading of many books, and steadfast study and careful practice of the poetic art. Individual and intellectual, it was the ideal life which we would all bestow, if we could, upon great poets as a tribute of our admiration and respect, and a slight return for the pleasure they give us.

The influences which made the poetry of Lord Tennyson what it was were ancestral as well as national. He came of a good stock, which was descended from the Plantagenets through the Norman family of D'Eyncourt, to which aristocratic strain was added in later days the more clerkly strain of episcopal scholasticism. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of Somersby and Enderby, and vicar of Great Grimsby; his mother, *née* Elizabeth Fytche, was a daughter of the vicar of Louth. The brood of Tennysons in the old rectory at Somersby was a large one, Alfred, who was born there August 5, 1809, being the third of twelve children, of whom the two eldest were boys. Dr. Tennyson was a man of many gifts; he was skilled in mathematics and the classical tongues, and accomplished in poetry, painting, and architecture. What Dr. Johnson said of himself and his fellows at Pembroke College, that they were a nest of nightingales, was true of the Tennyson children, who were imaginative and precocious. Books were plentiful in the old white rectory, which stood on the slope of a hill, neighbored by lanes overshadowed with tall ash and elm trees, and with two brooks meeting at the bottom of the glebe field. Of the natural outlook in this quarter of Lincolnshire we have a broad pictorial suggestion in "The Dying Swan," and of the immediate surroundings of the rectory lovely poetic glimpses in the "Ode to Memory," where the branches of the seven elms and four poplars are still fluttering in the air of song, where the brooks still purl over matted cress and ribbed sand, and where is still heard all day the bleating of sheep from wattled folds. It was amid scenery like this, one day when the wind was blowing him along with outstretched arms, that a sturdy lad of five was touched by something that he had never felt before. "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," he shouted, and, without knowing how, composed his first line. His next poetic achievement which has been preserved is of a somewhat later date, though still well within the circle of childish days. He was staying at the vicarage of Louth with his brother Charles, who encouraged his poetic inclinations. It was Sunday, and the elders of the family started for church, leaving Master Alfred alone. But not quite alone, for, before joining the rest, his brother placed in his hand a slate and pencil, and gave him, as a subject to write about, the flowers in the garden. When the party returned from church the slate was covered with lines of blank verse. Master Charles read them carefully, and handing back the slate to his brother, said, "Yes, you can write." On another occasion, a little later, his grandfather asked him to write a poem about his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written rewarded him with ten shillings and the gratuitous remark, "That is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." Grandfather Fytche may have been an admirable vicar, but he was an indifferent prophet, as the career of his poetic grandson was to prove.

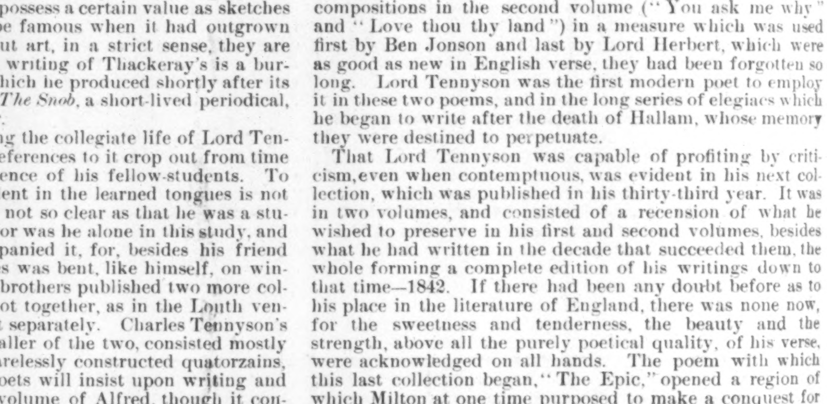
The Tennyson boys were educated while children at home by their father, and later at a village school. Then the eldest, Frederick, was sent to Eton, and Charles and Alfred to the grammar school at Louth. Brothers in feeling as well as in blood, the last two read whatever poetry they could lay hands on, and stimulated thereby, tried their own wings in the world that had opened before them. They were fertile of verse—so fertile, that before they were eighteen they produced enough to make a volume, which two confiding booksellers at Louth were persuaded to publish. "Poems by Two Brothers" saw the light in 1827, but not to any great extent, for the critics just then had better things to do than the reading of provincial *juvenilia*. This collection has been included in the complete American edition of Lord Tennyson's poetical works, where his admirers may look for it if they care to. It has become the fashion of late years to imagine an excellence in these "poems" which is assuredly not there. They may pass muster as the tentative effusions of a couple of school-boys, but that is all. There is nothing distinctive in them except dulness and the influence of Byron, and certainly nothing original. They are not even promising. In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Frederick had already gone, and where their serious poetic education was begun. Never before, and probably never since, was such a band of remarkable young men gathered together at one seat of learning. Obscure then, many are now famous names—priceless beads on the rosary of England's literary glory—William Makepeace Thackeray being one, Edward Fitzgerald another, Lord Houghton the third, James Spedding the fourth, and, the pearl of all, so fine and serene was the light of his spirit, Arthur Henry Hallam. The ties that bound these young gentlemen were not merely those of companionship, but the stronger tie of sincere friendship. They admired and loved one another, each finding in the other something that was wanting in himself, and all having a profound belief in the genius of Alfred, who, so far, had shown none except in their society. They occasionally made visits to Somersby, where Mrs. Tennyson, who was now a widow, was living with her younger children, where they used to lie under the trees in the golden afternoons, and where they once sat all night talking. Hallam, who had returned from Italy not long before, began his intimacy with the family by teaching one of the Misses Tennyson Italian, increased it by winning her affections, and ended it by engaging himself as her husband. A ripe scholar, he wrote very fair verse—as good, perhaps, as his friend Alfred at this time. When they had been a year at Cambridge they competed for the prize poem, the subject of which was "Timbuctoo," one in *terza rima*, the other in blank-verse; and the blank verse took the prize. Published in the *Prolusiones Academicæ*, and warmly praised by the *Athenæum*, "Timbuctoo" was the earliest specimen of his blank-verse that appeared in print, though not, perhaps, the earliest that he had written, for about this time he had in the printer's hands a poem entitled, "The Lover's Tale," which was inspired by Boccaccio, and which he concluded to suppress after two-thirds of it were in type. The interest which attaches to these poems is biographical rather than poetical; they possess a certain value as sketches from a hand that was to be famous when it had outgrown its immaturity of touch, but art, in a strict sense, they are not. The earliest known writing of Thackeray's is a burlesque of "Timbuctoo," which he produced shortly after its delivery, and published in *The Snob*, a short-lived periodical, of which he was the editor.

Little is known respecting the collegiate life of Lord Tennyson, though occasional references to it crop out from time to time in the correspondence of his fellow-students. To what extent he was a student in the learned tongues is not clear in his early verse, or not so clear as that he was a student of English poetry. Nor was he alone in this study, and the practice which accompanied it, for, besides his friend Hallam, his brother Charles was bent, like himself, on winning the laurel. The two brothers published two more collections of verse in 1830, not together, as in the Louth venture three years before, but separately. Charles Tennyson's volume, which was the smaller of the two, consisted mostly of sonnets, or rather of carelessly constructed quatorzains, which so many English poets will insist upon writing and calling sonnets, while the volume of Alfred, though it contained seven of these unshapely compositions, had a wider scope and range, as was indicated by its title, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." It was followed by a second collection two years later. The reception that these volumes met with is worthy of a chapter in the Curiosities of English Criticism, should such a work ever be written. It was as singular and unreasonable as the reception of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," Byron's "Hours of Idleness," Shelley's "Laon and Cythna," or Keats's "Endymion." During the period which had elapsed since the original publication of these writings their most virulent critics had been compelled to reconsider and reverse their verdicts, or to vacate their places on seats of judgment; but in either event they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They blundered as badly in the case of Tennyson in 1830 and 1832 as in the case of Keats in 1818. The most brutal of the band, Gifford, had gone before a higher tribunal, but the most malignant, Lockhart, still exercised his scorpion sting in the *Quarterly Review*. No one can read the early poems of Keats and Tennyson without being annoyed by their faults, which are of almost every conceivable kind; but no one who is familiar with English poetry from the days of Chaucer to our own, or familiar enough to have formed a definite idea of the various elements and qualities which have obtained therein—either as a temporary vogue or a permanent life—can read them without being struck with their poetical beauties. They are poems or nothing.

But let us be just to the critics who failed sixty years ago to detect the coming poet in Alfred Tennyson, and confess that there was much in his verse that deserved their strictures. The beginning of the 1830 volume was a bad beginning to manly minds, which, accustomed to the strong meat of Byron and Scott, turned from such milk for babes as "Claribel," "Lilian," "Adeline," and the rest of that unsubstantial sisterhood of ideal portraits the like of which had never been hung before, and probably never will be again, in the gallery of English song. We should confess this, and confess further that besides the suspicion of effeminacy on the part of the writer which these studies of imaginary women created, there was throughout the volume an assumption of delicacy and refinement and an air of affectation which were provoking. And furthermore, there were in both volumes puerilities and trivialities such as "The How and the Why," "Nothing will Die," "All Things will Die," "O Darling Room," and so on, which were twaddle and doggerel. Lord Tennyson's early critics were more largely gifted with sight than with insight, for, noting what was bad in his verse, as they could not well help doing, they entirely overlooked what was good. That they did not perceive the charm, the beauty, the originality, of such poems as "Mariana," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "The Deserted House," "The Ballad of Oriana," "The Merman," and "The Mermaid," in his first volume, "The Miller's Daughter," "Œnone," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "The May Queen," "The Lotos-Eaters," and "A Dream of Fair Women," in his second volume, was worse than a critical crime; it was an inconceivably stupid critical blunder. That so young a man—for he was only twenty-three when his second collection was published—should have been pained, mortified, discouraged, by the ridicule which was showered upon him, and of which the worst was from the insulting pen of Lockhart, was but natural. With the exception of three or four lyrics, which he contributed to Annuals, his name did not appear in print for upwards of ten years. Precisely where he was during this time we are not told, nor does it concern the public to know. He left the university without taking a degree, and resided now at Somersby and Hastings, and now at Cheltenham and London. Beloved by his relatives and friends, he spent a good deal of time with them, and when he was not staying at their houses, was sauntering along the lakes and over the hills, reading, writing, and smoking incessantly. He was enjoying the "sweet laborious idleness" so dear to all young poets, and was sorrowing over the death of his gifted friend Hallam, who died in Germany at the age of twenty-two.

Reading the poetical works of Lord Tennyson in the order in which they were published, we can trace the growth of his mind and the course of poetical studies with which he was occupied between his first and second volumes. No poet, not even Keats, ever ripened so rapidly and so surely as he at this period. There are poetical elements in his second volume of which there is no hint in the first—the Arthurian element in "The Lady of Shalott," the element of idyllic English life in "The Miller's Daughter" and "The May Queen," the element of aristocratic English life in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and the classical element in "The Lotos-Eaters" and "Œnone," wherein the spirit of Homeric legend is translated into music of surpassing sweetness and into pictures of glorious richness. Only a scholar could have written these poems. There were two lyrical compositions in the second volume ("You ask me why" and "Love thou thy land") in a measure which was used first by Ben Jonson and last by Lord Herbert, which were as good as new in English verse, they had been forgotten so long. Lord Tennyson was the first modern poet to employ it in these two poems, and in the long series of elegiacs which he began to write after the death of Hallam, whose memory they were destined to perpetuate.

That Lord Tennyson was capable of profiting by criticism, even when contemptuous, was evident in his next collection, which was published in his thirty-third year. It was in two volumes, and consisted of a recension of what he wished to preserve in his first and second volumes, besides what he had written in the decade that succeeded them, the whole forming a complete edition of his writings down to that time—1842. If there had been any doubt before as to his place in the literature of England, there was none now, for the sweetness and tenderness, the beauty and the strength, above all the purely poetical quality, of his verse, were acknowledged on all hands. The poem with which this last collection began, "The Epic," opened a region of which Milton at one time purposed to make a conquest for the enlargement and enrichment of modern lyrical lore. Glancing timidly along its sequestered paths in "The Lady of Shalott," Lord Tennyson now entered boldly and with a Homeric step into the shadowy world of King Arthur and his knights. "Morte d'Arthur" was the first English essay in the direction of the heroic human epic, and if it had remained the fragment it was originally, the grand manner of the epic might have been naturalized in the language; but followed as it was in later years by "The Idyls of the King," the admirers of Lord Tennyson were compelled to admit that his genius, after all, was not epical, but idyllic. The idyllic note struck in "The Epic," the prelude to "Morte d'Arthur," but struck in the common, familiar key to which Wordsworth set "Michael" and "The Brothers," and Coleridge several of his "Sibylline Leaves," Lord Tennyson caught in "Dora," "Audley Court," and "Walking to the Mail." These idyllic studies were in the manner of the Lake School, which he soon abandoned for a style of his



CLEVEDON COURT.

The Home of Arthur Hallam, since destroyed by Fire.—After a Sketch by W. M. Thackeray.

own in "The Gardener's Daughter," which, flushed throughout with a loveliness that was sweeter than the love it celebrated, and a sense of the picturesque that was superior to the pictures it created, exquisite as those were, is the perfection of all idyllic poetry of all time. But more beautiful, if that be possible, than this remembered vision of early love was "The Talking Oak," which, radiant with the grace and the glory of the aristocratic pride of English life, is beyond all praise. Related to reproductions like this were "Godiva," "The Day-Dream," "Lady Clare," "Edward Gray," "The Lord of Burleigh," and, in a sombre fashion, "Locksley Hall." We find also, for the first time in English verse, an element which may be called the representative one, as contradistinguished from the dramatic one, of which "Ulysses" is a great example; and "St. Simeon Stylites," "St. Agnes," and "Sir Galahad" are mediæval examples, the first and second being studies of different aspects of monasticism, and the third a lyrical rendering of the spiritual life of the gravest of Arthur's knights.

The edition of 1842 settled the reputation of Tennyson, and determined his future, so far as the future of any writer can be determined in a period of fluctuating tastes and schools like our own. The first poet of the day, he was also the most popular poet, and might safely depend upon his pen in the years to come. He was poor at this time, we are told; but poor in the sense that so many young authors in America are he could not have been, for he wrote only when he was moved to do so, and then only upon themes of his own selection. He never knew that "eternal want of pence" that constantly vexes the literary guild. When his biography comes to be written we may be able to trace his various residences in town and country, and the spots he visited in his journeys at home and abroad, but the chances are not in favor of our obtaining much knowledge respecting his whereabouts. He avoided society, and had an aversion from publicity—an aversion that in his later life assumed a morbid form. He preferred to be by himself, for though companionable with his few close friends, his temperament and genius inclined him to meditation in solitary places.

His work was his life, and it is in his work that we discover his life. The record of his personal history during the next eight years may be summed up by saying that in 1845 he was placed, at the request of Sir Robert Peel, on the civil list, with a pension of £200 per annum; that in 1850, after the death of Wordsworth, he was made Poet Laureate; and that in the same year he married Miss Emily Sellwood, a daughter of Henry Sellwood, of Horncastle, and took up his abode at Twickenham. Three years before his marriage—an event which so many poets have found, or made, a dangerous experiment—he gave to the world a longer poem than any he had yet published, the *motif* of which was whatever is nearest and dearest in the relationship of man and woman. The story of "The Princess" is one of the most exquisite that the mind and heart of any poet ever conceived, and the manner of telling this story, which is at once epical and lyrical, is perfect of the kind. Such, however, was not the general opinion at the time, nor, in some high quarters, the critical opinion; for its profound spiritual significance and its subtle human character were not clearly or fully perceived. The tender, proud, earnest, simple, passionate, noble soul of the heroine separates her from all other poetic heroines except the women of Shakespeare, among the loveliest of whom she is enthroned in the everlasting palace of art.

"The Princess" was followed three years later by "In Memoriam," the inspiration of which was Tennyson's friendship with and sorrow for young Hallam—a friendship and sorrow unparalleled in the personal history of poets. "In Memoriam," the third great English elegiac in point of time, surpassed Milton's "Lycidas" and "Shelley's "Adonais" in nearly every poetical and every intellectual quality demanded by such a composition, tenderness and sadness of recollection and infinite pathos of feeling mingling their currents in a stream of melody the sweetness of which was the revelation of new springs of music in the language. Outwardly a poetic record of the collegiate and home life of Tennyson during the few short years of his acquaintance with Hallam, it is the spiritual history of a soul—a soul exercised with the insoluble problem of life and the undiscoverable secret of death, perplexed and troubled, but neither dismayed nor daunted, nor without hope and consolation. The criticism of life which Matthew Arnold declared that poetry should be was so strenuous in the sad sincerity and earnest reverence of this poem as to constitute the philosophy of life. It is nothing if not religious.

The wide welcome that was extended to "In Memoriam" was denied to Tennyson's next collection, "Maud, and Other Poems" (1855), greatly to the surprise of the writer, who, having brooded over and worked upon the idea of the leading poem for nearly twenty years, could not understand why the poem did not interest his readers as much as himself. Always tenacious of his poetic projects, and trusting his own judgment rather than the judgment of his critics, he refused to believe that "Maud" was a failure. He may have intended it as an embodiment of the national and moral unrest of the period, but his intention was not so interpreted, even by his admirers, to whom its shadowy hero was as morbid a misanthrope as any of the early heroes of Byron. They declined to accept him as a later Childe Harold. The volume was not a success, but it contained two remarkable poems, written in his official capacity as Laureate, the incomparable "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," the impressive grandeur of which was too simply severe for popular appreciation, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which reminds one, with differences, of Campbell at his greatest. It also contained one of his purely personal poems, the charming lines "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice."

Before the publication of "Maud," the Tennyson household was brightened by two young members—Hallam, who was born at Twickenham in 1852, and Lionel, who was born at Farringford in 1854. In 1855 the University of Oxford honored itself as well as the poet by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L., and the Fellows of his own college at Cambridge subscribed to purchase his bust by Woolner, and placed it in their library. At a later period he was offered a baronetcy, which he declined, as Southey did (and Scott did not) many years before. The honor, such as it was, was not to his taste then; but in December, 1883, he concluded to accept a peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth, Sussex, and of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. The personal history of Lord Tennyson has become public property to this extent, but no further—assuredly no further through any consent from him. He believed that his private life was his private property, and that to acquire knowledge respecting it was as much a violation of the laws of society as picking pockets or purloining spoons. He felt as Thackeray did, as Hawthorne did, and as every author who is a gentleman ought to feel.

The later writings of Lord Tennyson were "Idyls of the King" (1859), "Enoch Arden, and Other Poems" (1864), "The Window" (1867), "The Holy Grail, and Other Poems" (1869), "Gareth and Lynette" (1872), "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1877), "The Lover's Tale" (1879), "Ballads, and Other Poems" (1880), "The Promise of May" (1882), "The Cup and the Falcon" (1884), "Becket" (1884), "Tiresias, and Other Poems" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886). Little remains to be added to our brief and imperfect analysis of Lord Tennyson's poetry, except that it was enriched in his later years with examples of domestic balladry, as in "The Grandmother"; of sailor balladry, as in "The Revenge"; and of provincial balladry, as in the character studies of "The Northern Farmer" and "The Northern Cobbler." These last two poems, in which the representative spirit that informed "St. Simeon Stylites" and "Ulysses" struggled into dramatic life, are more dramatic than "Becket" or "Harold" or "Queen Mary," which are striking proofs of the serious fact, which so many modern poets refuse to recognize, that the reign of the Poetic Drama is past.

R. H. STODDARD.

THE TENNYSON COAT OF ARMS.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS OVER THE OAT STUBBLE.

When the wind blows over the oat stubble,
And the cattle steam at the morn,
And crowd together in the clean fresh weather,
And the pumpkins shine through the corn,
At the back of the hill, where the meadows are low,
And the aspen is dropping her gold,
As in years before, mid the weedy tore,
The blue-eyed gentians unfold.
I gather their azure beauty;
I bless them and hold them fast;
For out of the haze of the autumn days
Dead joy returns from the past.
That day comes back when the skies were wide
And the air was crisp and still,
And side by side till the sunlight died
We strayed on the changing hill;
And the voices of young companions
And the faces that are no more
Blend joy and grief with the falling leaf
Of a summer that is no more.
When the wind blows over the oat stubble,
And the cattle steam at the morn,
And crowd together in the clean fresh weather,
And the pumpkins shine through the corn.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

THE INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH AT MANHEIM.

BY CHARLES BLANCKE.

WHATEVER prejudice may exist in the minds of a large number of Americans against cricket as a sport, no fair-minded man who has been privileged to witness an international cricket match at Manheim will deny that such a game possesses certain elements of fascination peculiar to itself. The reasons for this are not difficult to understand. Imagine a matchless square lawn of velvety grass upon which the picked champions of two countries have met to defend the dignity of their national cricket. Around this arena are congregated several thousands of eager, enthusiastic spectators, comprising people from almost every walk and rank of life, from the native-born millionaire on his perfectly appointed coach to the humble British artisan who has sacrificed a day's wages in order to witness his favorite game. A stately club-house keeping silent guard over others less imposing in size but daintier in appearance, clusters of trees placed just where they will most enhance the scene, a graceful grand stand filled with the élite of the county, and a cultivated landscape dotted with charming villas, complete a picture of almost unrivalled variety and brightness. Add to all this the excitement of the contest, with its strong appeal to one's patriotism, and you will readily see wherein the charm of an international cricket match consists.

Few people can imagine the amount of forethought necessary to the successful management of such a match. There are a thousand and one things to be looked after that would probably never strike the mind of the average man, who is generally content to enjoy the provisions made for his comfort without giving himself any special concern as to the manner in which they were brought about.

The visits of foreign elevens serve a double purpose: they tend to popularize the sport, and they enable us to gauge the progress made by our cricketers from year to year. But aside from these advantages the delightful social features attending the presence of our foreign guests must not be overlooked; for while we are naturally desirous to give them the strongest proofs of our prowess on the field, we are equally anxious that they shall carry back to their native land the pleasantest impressions of our hospitality.

The interest displayed in these matches by the sport-loving community of Philadelphia is general. For weeks previous to the visit of a foreign team every scrap of information relative to the members thereof is eagerly sought after. Nor is the interest confined to the movements of the visitors; the merits of the local players are freely discussed, while the opinions expressed of their claims to recognition are sometimes of the most opposite character.

When once selected for a position on a representative eleven the cricketer becomes a personage. He realizes that the fate of the community may depend upon his sure eye, skilful wrist, and steady nerve. He longs to distinguish himself, to earn the applause of the thousands who are present at the great event, to deserve the encomiums of the press, and to do something that future generations of cricketers may tell about.

It is no easy task, let me tell you, for a youngster to make a successful début in an international match. The bowlers he faces are men of acknowledged reputation; over-anxiety to appear to advantage weighs him down; even the crowd, friendly though it may be, confuses him. How often have I seen the hopes of a promising youngster shattered by the very first ball sent down to him, when through sheer nervousness he has allowed the ball to go past him which ordinarily he would have played with ease!

The cricket-ground presents a fine field for observation to the student of human nature. The man with the inevitable silk hat who will persist in crossing the field during lunch hour, to the detriment of his favorite tile, is sure to be there; so is the respectable old party who knows nothing about cricket, but who goes out to see our boys get away with the foreigners. John Bull is out in force, professing the utmost contempt for our cricket, while he laments the rigor of a law which prohibits the sale of his favorite beverage on the grounds. The local enthusiast looms up, indignant because the umpire would not declare a man "out" on a *bum ball*. The anecdotal old buffer must not be overlooked, that amiable old bore with the large stock of yarns, in all of which he is invariably the central figure. Another type is the know-all; he can estimate the exact number of runs that each side is entitled to; at times he is indignant because the bowling is not changed often enough to suit him, and he would give anything for the privilege of bowling just one over. The sporting parson patronizes the game because he knows that it is calculated to develop the noblest qualities of a man's nature. Your true cricketer is the best of all the types; he applauds every good piece of play impartially, no matter whether it is done by his side or the other, because he loves the game, and it is second nature to him to show his appreciation of its fine points. The photographic fiend is tolerated as one of the necessary evils of a cricket match; haunting the balconies of the grand stand, or prowling around the ground, he is ever ready to snap the camera on his unsuspecting victims. Then there is the blunderer who walks across the sheet just as the batsman is ready to play, thereby delaying the game, and exciting the ire of the spectators. The man who seems to derive some strange satisfaction from inspecting the crease is almost sure to be among the spectators.

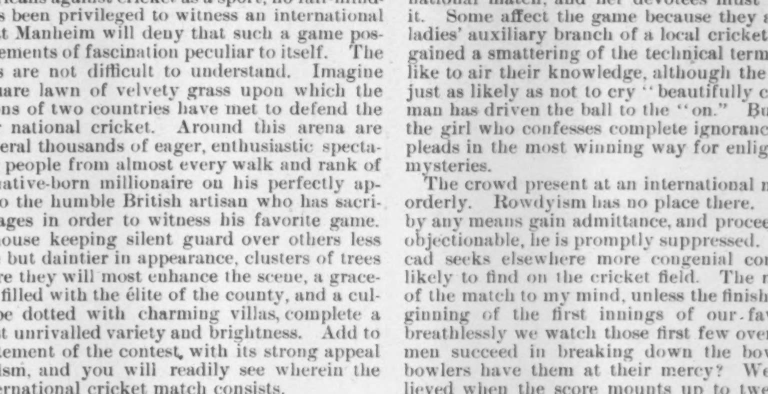
Not the least interesting figure is the tall policeman; he is quite a character in his way. He comes of a great cricketing family, and although he is now an officer of the law, he occasionally finds time to doff his uniform and don the flannels. Somehow or other, our officer contrives to be detailed for duty on the cricket field. We should miss his cheery "Very well, thank you, sir; and how is the gentleman?" with which he invariably answers an inquiry as to his health. And the ladies, "God bless them!" what would the match be, deprived of their gracious presence? Do they go to the match because they really enjoy the game? Not a bit of it. Fashion has set her seal upon the international match, and her devotees must perforce patronize it. Some affect the game because they are members of the ladies' auxiliary branch of a local cricket club; others have gained a smattering of the technical terms of the game, and like to air their knowledge, although the dear creatures are just as likely as not to cry "beautifully cut" when the batsman has driven the ball to the "on." But sweetest of all is the girl who confesses complete ignorance of the game, and pleads in the most winning way for enlightenment as to its mysteries.

The crowd present at an international match is eminently orderly. Rowdyism has no place there. If a tough should by any means gain admittance, and proceed to make himself objectionable, he is promptly suppressed. But, as a rule, the cad seeks elsewhere more congenial company than he is likely to find on the cricket field. The most exciting part of the match to my mind, unless the finish is close, is the beginning of the first innings of our favorite side. How breathlessly we watch those first few overs! Will the batsmen succeed in breaking down the bowling, or will the bowlers have them at their mercy? We are infinitely relieved when the score mounts up to twenty—we can then quietly lay back and proceed to enjoy the game.

Should the spectator chance upon the ground during the innings of the locals, he can see how the game is going without glancing at the score-board. If the local players are winning, he will notice two or three members of the eleven promenading the ground inside the ropes. This sign is as infallible as the ground-hog is popularly supposed to be.

Space will not permit me to enlarge further on this subject. If the reader has never witnessed an international match, I would advise him to embrace the first opportunity to visit the grounds of the Germantown Cricket Club at Manheim, when such a game is in progress. I hope to see a special effort made to induce a first-class English or Australian eleven to visit us next year. An international tournament between the picked men of America, Australia, and England would arouse unparalleled enthusiasm among our cricketers.

Such a series would enable us to find out exactly how we compare with the great elevens of the world, and even if we should be defeated, the opportunity afforded us to study the methods of the foreign experts would be of incalculable advantage to us.

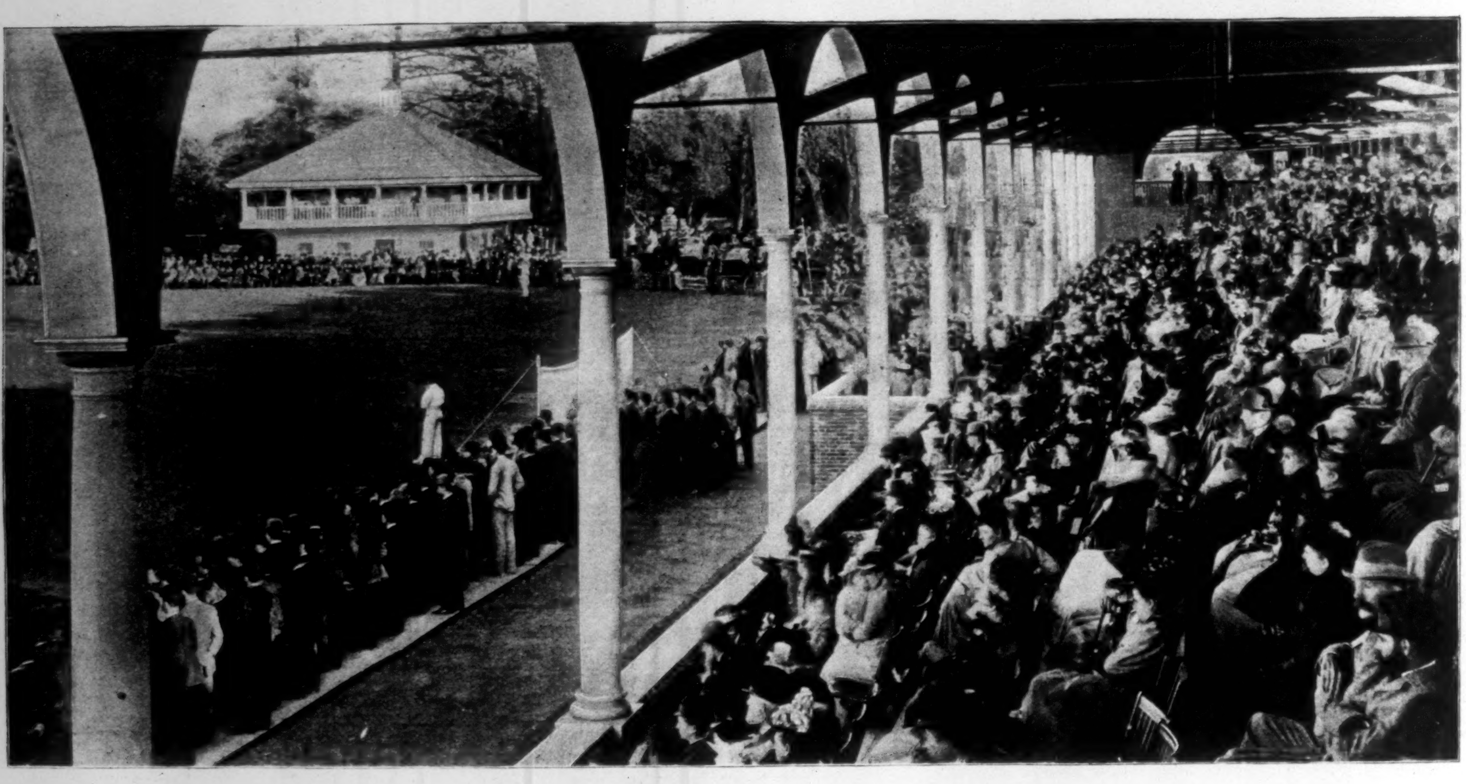


THE NEW SCORE-BOARD.

THE GERMANTOWN CLUB GROUNDS.

NEAR THE JUNIORS' CLUB HOUSE.

AMONG THE COACHES.



A SECTION OF THE GRAND STAND.

IRELAND *VS.* AMERICA AT THE MANHEIM CRICKET-GROUNDS, PHILADELPHIA—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAU.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

IN HUSKING-TIME.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

DICK MERLIN could husk eighty bushels of corn in a day. And he was looking forward to the time when he would be able to husk eighty-five, which would give him the championship of Nebraska, where every one, almost, knows how to husk corn. For Nebraska is built of corn. Her cities prosper because of it. In summer her fields rustle with it from boundary to boundary, and in winter the snow falls on the dripping and faded bundles of stalks which stand among the stubble. Dick Merlin had been brought up among the corn. He played with the cobs when he was a baby, beside the hot cob fire; he ate the meal and the bread, and the sweet-corn from the ear—and little else, if the truth is told, excepting salt pork, which he detested. And now it gave him his living. Not that he was a farmer. He was only a "hand." He might have had his farm as well as the rest. But he was too clever.

"I'll not sell myself to an eight-per-cent. man," he declared. "I know when I'm well off. No interest for me, thank you. I prefer to work for the good of Dick Merlin, not for the good of the money-lender."

But he wasn't given to talking much, and he never harangued. Only once or twice, when his close friends tried to prove that it was a shame for a man of his abilities to be hiring out to farmers no older than himself as if he were a common laborer, he made that answer.

It is somehow difficult for a man who has assumed the responsibilities of a mortgage and a corn crop to feel any respect for a man less hampered. Dick got better wages than any other man in the county, for the simple reason that he did more work. He was in great demand. And the women, who play a very important part in the business of husking-time, also liked him. He did not eat as did the other men at table, with such disregard for the labors of the cuisine. Sometimes he remembered to praise a dish. And he ate no more than he wanted. At harvest-time and in the husking season some men give themselves up to gluttony which is little less than a debauch. The women talk this over among themselves, be sure, when they are alone together in the afternoon. But Dick was different. They all agreed that he was. And some of them hazarded guesses as to how much he had laid up in the bank. It seemed wonderful to these women, who faced an absorbing indebtedness, to think that one of their number had an account at the bank.

"If Dick Merlin was to get married," Kate McGovern said, as she washed the dishes after the noonday meal, "he would think nothing of taking his wife to Omaha for a month or two. He went there himself last year, and he told Ed, my brother, that he went to the theatre every night."

No one replied. They were all very much impressed. And after the dishes were all washed, and the biscuits set for supper, the three girls who had come over to help Mrs. Catlin went to the barn door to watch the men work. There were fifteen men there, for the Catlins had an enormous crop this year, but the girls all looked at Dick Merlin. He sat with his shaggy hair falling over his eyes, his brown big arms bared to the elbow, and every sense concentrated on his work, while near him steadily rose the pyramid of red and yellow corn.

The man who shells fifty bushels of corn a day must deny himself pause or speech; he must recklessly toss from him the unaimed ears, and drop the husks with perfect disregard. To shell eighty bushels of corn requires not only a silence of the lips, but a terrible intensity of the mind. Fatigue must be triumphed over. The hands must be kept at their task by a compelling will. One may not see, hear, smell, anything but corn. In fact, no perfectly healthy or happy man can work like that. It requires the mad speed of one who is devil driven.

"You're wearing yourself out for nothing," Kate McGovern called to Dick. "Don't make a goose of yourself. There's no use in working like that just for the sake of saying that you can shell more corn than anybody else. You'll get old before you've cut your wisdom-teeth."

Dick smiled, but without pausing. "I'm not overdoing, I guess," he said. But though the girls lured him with further remarks, he would not speak again, and they turned away at last discouraged.

Faster and more furious flew the ears from Dick's nervous hand. Now and then his lips moved as the lips of a man do who dreams in his sleep.

The truth is, Dick was having it out with himself. That is to say, he was trying to obliterate a vision. He was trying to bury a memory under that enormous pyramid of corn. Yet, let the corn fly from his impelling hand as it would, let eyes, energy, mind, every sense, strive to concentrate themselves on his task, still before his burning eyes would come over and over again the same picture—a desolate stretch of the sand-hill country, with its little blue ponds in the midst of the wind-beaten dunes, and a hut in the valley among the bunch-grass. This hut, standing in the very draught of the "draw," seemed to be the target for all the winds that blew from the west. Its siding gaped like the seams of a rotting boat high-pitched on the beach. The rain had left a streak of rust below each nail, and the weather had roughened the unpainted fibre of the wood, and the scant glass in the window-sashes was pieced out with shingles. Dick could even see the sag of the door, with the wooden latch and leather hinges. The interior was dim enough with smoke of bad tobacco and of griddle-cakes to have become a most indistinct memory. Yet of all the rooms in the world it was the one in which Dick was forced to live in spirit, no matter where his body might be.

"It's easy enough," he muttered to himself, wrenching the crisp covering from the brilliant ears, "to send our legs where we please. But to get a *mind* to do as you like, that's quite another matter. It's like rounding up the cattle on the range, only there never was a steer as wild as my mind."

Then, too, there were voices which he could not shut out of his ears.

"I'm not like the girls you know back East," one voice said. It had a timid way of speaking. Dick almost thought now, as he heard it here from the phonograph of his memory, that it had tears in it. "Remember, I've never been any further than the next town, Dick. Don't be thinking too bad of my ways. I've studied some. We had a good teacher once. He said I was a natural scholar. And he sent me books, which I read. Indeed, there is nothing else to do but to read them. Why, I do not know a girl of my own age. So few of the people around here have ever had children. Most of the men are not even married. They keep their stock here part of the year and 'bach' it. Then they go to Salt Lake or to Denver or to Omaha for a while; and do no good, I guess, from the way they look when they come home. I will not speak to them. When they come here I go up the ladder to my room. It is quiet there, and there is not so much smoke. I hate smoke. Mother is always cooking things in grease, and father is smoking. I have never had a worsted dress. Think of that, Dick. There's a girl in one of the books that teacher sent me who dressed all in faded silk. And, Dick, once a lover came and got her new dresses and took her to see the Queen. Oh, but I wouldn't mind faded *silk*. Not at all. That might be beautiful. But these prints always fade the first time they wash, and we never have starch to put in them. Say, Dick! If I was dressed like the girls you know East, would I look as well as they do? Am I bad to look at? And, Dick, if I had a looking-glass, maybe I could do up my hair better. I might cut a lot of it off in the front, and curl it over a slate-pencil."

Dick remembered how they were plodding through the sand together as they talked. The wind came nippingly down the draw and tossed her yellow straight hair about her face. Her rough shoes made her walk lumberingly, and her scant ill-made dress clung about her form in grace-

less folds. If it were only possible to forget what he said then!

"You are beautiful!" he cried; "and I would rather be with you than any girl I ever saw. Why, you can't imagine what nonsense they talk! And you talk so beautifully! And they have talked English all their lives, while it is only such a little time since you learned it. As for the looking-glass, I would rather you did not have it. Now there is no one but me to tell you how nice you look; and I never want any one else to tell you as long as you live. Do you hear, Marie? You must never let any other man tell you what I have told you just now. It wouldn't be right."

The girl stopped, and looked at him seriously, her blue eyes resting in perfect trust on his face.

"Wouldn't it?" she said. "Then I never will as long as I live! You may feel sure about that. But I think I ought to tell you something. That school-teacher, you know, when he went away, he—well, he kissed me good-by—just once—and not on the lips. And he said something—but not like what you have been saying."

"What did he say, Marie? Look me in the face and tell me."

"Oh, I am always looking you in the face. I like to. You have a pleasant face. It is different from any other I know. Father and mother—but you know what they are like. They are never happy; at least they do not smile; sometimes they laugh. But happy people smile. It is different when you laugh. You may do that because some one else is having a bad time. Father laughs when the men lose their cattle. And the teacher—his face was different from yours. He walked with his head down, and he was taller than you, but not with big shoulders like yours. He was happy in a way, but not as you are. Why, even your ears laugh. It is possible to have a very nice time with you—"

"Marie, what did he say to you?"

"Who? Oh, Mr. Eckhardt? He said, 'I do not know why God has placed you here in such a place; but I try to think that it is for some good reason, and that you are to find your work here.' And then he kissed me. That's all. Mother was there, only she doesn't understand English well enough to know what he was saying. I used to hate English; I never learned it till Mr. Eckhardt came. That is to say, I never spoke it. But as he taught it, it was different from that I had always heard. It was beautiful; I was glad to learn it. And now I can talk it to you. That is so nice. What if you had come, and I had loved you, and never been able to tell you of it?"

Dick turned red now as he remembered his reply.

"You would not need to speak," he had said, "to let me know that you loved me."

They had been amazingly happy together. Dick had to admit that even now, when there were such terrible reasons for being ashamed of it all. Not that she was to blame. But he had been so weak, so—

It happened this way. For years that part of the country where Marie Hultz lived had been annoyed by some adroit "cattle-rustler." Let the herds be as well guarded as they might be, they could not be protected against the depredations of this successful thief. Up in the sand-hill country a murderer may be held in some esteem. That is to say, there is no strong objection to a man's taking the law into his own hands. If an injustice is done one, it is considered rather more honorable to settle the difficulty one's self than to pusillanimously take the matter to the courts. Such methods are thought well enough for city men, or for clerks, but they are at best effeminate. But while this leniency is shown toward the murderer, no quarter is given to the cattle-thief. For him there is a rope in waiting.

It happened that Dick met one of the worst of the sufferers from the mysterious exploits of the rustler down in Nebraska City. Dick was out of a job. The man was willing to pay anything for his fill of revenge. He sent Dick up to get at the meat of the nut if he could. Dick liked the idea well enough. No Nebraska man has any compunction about hunting down a cattle-thief. Besides, he had never been up in the sand-hill country, and he wanted to see it. He had an idea he might go into the cattle business himself. For in this arid region nothing can be grown, or almost nothing; but in the hollows between the sandy hillocks there is a coarse grass on which cattle thrive surprisingly well. And over this far-reaching expanse, many miles apart, are scattered the farms of men who are perhaps, of all farmers in the West, the most abject. They are surrounded by a desert; they have no enjoyments whatever; there is little companionship existing among them; they have no ambitions; comparatively few of them have families. They maintain life by means not distinctly perceptible to the ordinary man, and their reason for desiring to continue to exist must be inexplicable even to those who know them best. Only, it is a fact that the meanest worm will feign death to escape that which he feigns. Perhaps it is not surprising that a man's instinct for life should be at least as strong as that of a grub.

Dick spent three months up there. He made friends with every one. He pretended to be a buyer for a farmer in the eastern part of the State, who made a business of fattening the cattle before they were driven into the great yards at South Omaha. He managed to get a reputation for being a hard drinker, though, as a matter of fact, he drank next to nothing, and, in common with many other men of his walk, was a prohibitionist in theory. But this reputation explained every inconsistency in his conduct. It even explained his sleeping in the day and disappearing at night. So it came about, after some patience, that Dick tracked the fox to his hole. In other words, he found that the seemingly poor, stolid, easy-going Peter Hultz, who appeared to have no thought beyond his pipe and his keg of beer, was in reality one of the most energetic, daring, and indefatigable cattle-thieves in the country.

And he was the one of all others who had never been suspected. He had apparently an inveterate laziness. His little blue eyes were lost in the flesh of his cheeks. His great legs moved slowly. He drawled when he spoke, and he never spoke in English. His cattle were few in number and poorly attended to. Such care as they received was given them by his daughter Marie. Dick, watching this man drowsing over his fire, smoking, and growling in marital complacency at his wife, could hardly believe that this was the man he had seen ride out of the darkness into the very midst of the cattle, lash up a few of them, and hurry them off, his gigantic form alert with ferocity, his eyes gleaming dangerously, the pistol in his belt ready for action. He had many confederates, that was evident. And they were men of ability. It was more than suspected that some of them were connected with the railroad, and managed to secure transportation for the cattle immediately. At any rate, it was a well-known fact that no cattle taken away from that part of the country had ever been recovered.

Dick did not feel that there was any particular hurry about bringing matters to a focus. He argued that it would be better to wait and catch the rest of the gang. And he got down near the Hultz place in a shack with an unmarried man who had a place of his own. An hour's walking would bring him to the Hultzes'. And when he found there was a girl in the house, he congratulated himself on having a reasonable excuse for visiting there often. Dick had seen a girl around there. But he had never particularly noticed her. He did not have a scruple about going up to "keep company" with her. For one thing, a young man's attentions to a young woman are not necessarily taken seriously out in the West. And besides, it was not likely that the daughter of a cattle-rustler would be injured in any way by spending a few evenings and afternoons with a young man whose only attitude toward her was one of indifference.

Dick had seen the mother. A hideous old woman she was. Not so old in years, perhaps; but the life on a Nebraska range in the sand-hill country will make a hag of a woman of thirty-five. She bore as much superfluous thinness as her husband did superfluous flesh, and her ratty eyes had a look in them suggestive of madness. Beneath were rings so black and deep that they almost divided the cheek. Her discolored teeth were half gone; her lean brown arms, with the sinews standing out in them, were always bared to the elbow. She worked constantly about the shack, yet seemed never to reach any point of order or cleanliness. Her task was like the fabled ones given long ago to the half-gods. The labor was incessant, and there were no results.

In the grime, the smoke, the odors, of this place, Dick made himself at home. The first evening he came he saw, over in one corner, reading by the light of the sputtering coal-oil lamp, the girl whom he had come to see. He had been talking in indifferent German to Peter Hultz, who watched him narrowly all the time, smoking as he watched. When Dick made sure that the girl was not likely to join them around the stove, he walked over to where she sat in her chilly corner.

"Do you also speak no English?" he said to her in German.

She looked up from her book and smiled—an innocent smile, such as any one might give who had received an unexpected kindness—not at all the sort of smile one would expect from a cattle-rustler's daughter. "I speak English better than I do German," she responded; "and the reason of it is that I learned German from those who were no scholars, while my English was learned from one who spoke the tongue well. Only those who talk much in English tell me that I do not speak it as the folk do about this part of the country. And there are many words they speak which I do not know the meaning of."

"And you read in English?" Dick sat down by her.

"I have only six books. They were given me. They are in English. If ever I go down into the corn country to help at harvest-time and earn money for myself, I shall get more books."

"I thought girls liked ribbons better than books," said Dick, in a flattering tone, thinking he was getting on famously. "If I was as pretty as you are, I would want to get ribbons."

"Would you?" said the girl. Then she went on reading. Dick fidgeted. He was embarrassed. He took a more careful look at the girl. Her hands were clean; that in itself was a surprise. And there was a fold of white cotton cloth basted in the neck of her faded calico. Her hair was braided. Dick felt somehow, without being able to define it, that this girl had known some person other than those who surrounded her. She had received her bit of inspiration. Merlin did not try to put his impression into words. It was merely an emotion. But he knew the girl before him was not without self-respect, or at least not without self-consciousness.

"She may be the best working member of the whole gang," he said to himself. "Ten to one she's in the business somehow;" and he resumed his conversation. Old Peter nodded, or seemed to nod, over his pipe, his fat loathsome legs stretched out before him. The mother worked on in her wild way, talking to herself as she did it. No one seemed to be paying any attention to Dick and the girl. Yet the young man was conscious of a feeling every minute that any suspicious action on his part or any indiscreet word might cost him his life; for he knew what that swinish face by the fire was like when it was aroused.

A few nights after that Dick got the girl to go for a walk. It was a quiet evening, the sun looking near and familiar in the west, the sky quivering with arms of light that darted from the disappearing great disk as the electric light of the borealis does from its mystical focus. The wind was whispering audibly, and on it was that indescribable perfume which belongs to the plains as distinctly as the salt does to the ocean, but for which there is no descriptive word. It is an invigorating perfume, and the nostrils open eagerly to receive it, and it fills the mind with a sense of vastness almost unbearable, yet very dear. For the might of the plains is as great as the might of the sea. And he who has known either one or the other can never be content amid surroundings less majestic.

Dick had never given himself leisure to think of any of this, though he had felt it, as every plainsman must. But now, with the eyes of the girl turning from the wide-reaching west to him, full of strange passion, he had something the feeling that a young bison must have when, with exultant bellow, it puts its head low and rushes forward in the delicious madness of mere youth and strength over the solitary prairies.

"The world seems larger sometimes than it does others," he said, vaguely struggling against the new power that was making turbulence in his soul.

"It is large," Marie responded, tensely, with the little German accent unusually distinct. "And the sky is large. And the wind is large at night when it blows. But also I—you—are large. We do not feel any weaker than the wind or the sky. A bird, he is part of the sky when he is in it. And it makes him very happy. It makes him sing. And when we are in the wind, we are part of that."

Dick said nothing. None of the girls he had known "back East," as his companion called the eastern part of the State, had ever talked like that. He could feel in his heart, but he could not quite understand in his mind, what she meant.

"I can sing also. Did you never hear me sing?" she went on. "And I know some songs which were taught me by a good friend. And my mother, she used to sing, and I learned from her some songs. Some are of love. And others are to sing little babies to sleep with. Mother never sings now."

"She doesn't seem very happy," Dick ventured. "… your father's business good? Have you had hard time…"

Marie looked up at him with a puzzled expression.

"I do not know," she said, slowly. "But if it had … good, do you think that would have made us happy? … you happy?"

"Why, yes. I guess so. I never thought about i… have a pretty good time."

"Do you? Perhaps it's because you live in another … of the country. Here no one is happy. Mother says s… times, if she had flowers maybe she could stand it be… One day father was going away to Nebraska City on … ness. And mother asked him if he would bring h… flower. And he forgot it. Mother tells me men alw… forget all they are asked to get. And mother went … back of the house and sat down on the banking and c… when she found he had come without it. That was a fu… time. I kissed her. She was surprised. Since I got b… have never kissed her. Days and days we do not like e… other very much. She talks all the time to herself, and … eyes frighten me. But this funny day when I kissed … she said: 'Where I lived when I was a maiden we … flowers all summer, and vines. We ate in a little ho… covered with vines. And my father, after supper, took … knife each night and went out to trim them. And all o… children followed. And in the winter there were pi… with hoar-frost. And here, Marie, there is nothing … sand, sand, sand!' I was astonished. I thought mot… cared for nothing but to cook little cakes in grease. … that funny night, after she had cried some more, she t… me by the hand, and without saying anything, showed m… little strange place back of the shed, where there is a b… that in summer has berries on it, and under this often I … noticed a little raised place covered with hard black d… and she said: 'That is a little baby that died before y… were born. And I wish we were all there.'"

Dick and the girl walked on in silence. Dick had ne… imagined such possibilities of suffering as opened up bef… him. Neither before had he ever felt so like talking to … girl. They wandered on together down the road, and … red disk dropped, and the light faded out of the eastern s… and a pallid moon became visible up above, and the wi… rose and flirted scurries of sand over the tops of the dun… and still they walked. There was a host of stars out wh… they parted at the door.

"Good-night," Marie had said. "This has been a diff… ent day from most days." And she held out her hand.

It happened to be Dick's fateful moment. Such momen… come to every man and woman. It is never possible … presage their arrival. And the more unexpected they a… the more beautiful they seem, and the more memorab… Dick found his soul suddenly in shackles. He was as s… prised as the fugitive who, secure in the belief of his … recognized identity, finds the iron cuffs on his wrists. … stood gazing into the eyes of the girl before him. In th… eyes the soft sky, the powerful westerly wind, the immeas… able silence, the unbroken spaces of the plains, had left th… eloquence.

"My God!" Dick groaned. He made an effort to wren… himself away, but the girl's exultant and womanly happin… held him fast. He struggled mentally and physically … free himself, and—he sank, rather than leaned forward, a… laid his lips on the lips of Marie.

"Do you love me?" he whispered. "I love you." … looked at her sternly. "I wish to God it was not so. Bu… love you." He said it as if he were admitting a terrible a… irrevocable fact, and walked off down the road.

After that he was continually there. He no longer look… for the confederates of Peter Hultz. Certain facts we… thrust upon him, but he tried not to understand their si… nificance. One day he got a letter from the man who h… sent him there, and he realized that it was a question … business faithfulness that confronted him. He wasn't mu… given to mental perplexities. Philosophy or moral respon… bilities had never been taken into his cognizance. He h… the morality of a healthy man. Nothing more. And no… he saw without any struggle whatever that it was less cu… pable to break his word with the man in whose employ … was than to give up to certain death the father of the wom… he loved. So he went down to see this man, and he to… him that he had nothing to report, and so, refusing to ta… any money for the time he had spent, he went back to "t… East," as Marie called it. When he had left her he expect… to immediately return; but, once away, he took to himself th… right to be alone for a while, and to think the matter over.

There is no prouder man on earth than your Americ… farmer. His code may be a little peculiar from the point … view of the city man. He does not, in fact, think so muc… about "honor" as that quality is recognized by men … polite habits. But for an honest fellow to be obliged … realize the fact that he is certainly in love with the daught… of a "cattle-rustler" is a terrible position.

Dick went to work. He worked early and late. And … turned over and over in his mind this same question. … had reached an age when he realized the seriousness of lif… And he thought far enough to ask himself if it "woul… pay," as he put it, to marry Marie, merely to satisfy th… clamoring passion of his, and give to his children a moth… whose antecedents were shameful. He asked himself agai… and again if he would not have to pay too high a price f… his happiness.

The summer had come and gone while he waited, harve… was over, and the farmers had got to husking-time, with ba… prices for a prospect, and a car famine in the bargain.

Dick, on his way through town to keep his engageme… at the Catlin ranch, had got a morning paper. And in it … read the apprehension of the cattle-rustler Peter Hultz, … Chase County, and six of his confederates. They were i… jail, and there was talk of lynching. The only thing, th… despatch apologetically said, that restrained the mob was th… presence in the jail of two women, the wife and daught… of old Peter Hultz, the chief of the raiders. And that wa… why Dick succeeded that day in husking eighty bushels … corn. But after it was over he went to his room and thre… himself on the bed. He would eat no supper, which mad… even the men commiserate him. Kate McGovern, tired … she was, brought up some toast and tea. She lingered … little after he had refused it, and put her hand on his hea…

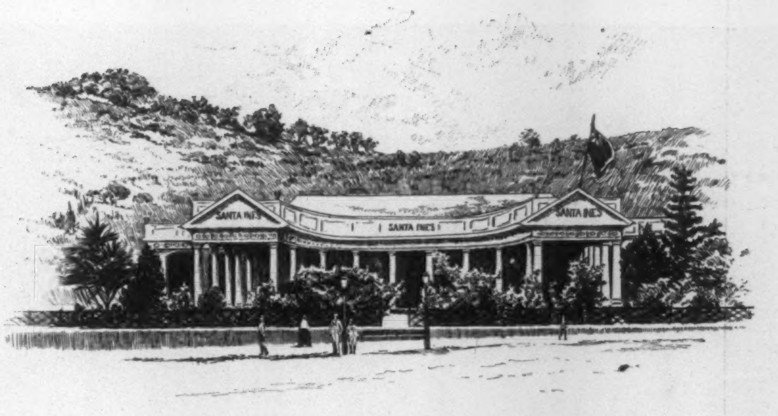
"Don't, please, Kate," he said, gently. "I don't want an… one to think me a good fellow to-night."

"What have you been doing, Dick?" she whispered, ap… prehensively. "Can I help you out of any scrape? Yo… 'ain't done anything to be ashamed of, I *do* hope." Dic… stared at her in perplexity.

"I'm blest if I know," he said at length.

That night the fellow who slept with Dick felt him creep…

(*Continued on page 999.*)



THE HOME OF GENERAL CRESPO, CARACAS.

THE REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN. [LATE], U. S. NAVY.

CARACAS, —— 1892.

THE revolution in Venezuela has become pathetically amusing—an opera without a theme, a play without a plot.

While brave Crespo with his hardy followers, having law and justice written in blood upon each banner, is gradually tightening his grasp upon the throat of the existing government, if such it can be called, president follows president and general succeeds general, each holding office long enough to fill his patriotic pockets, and then fly to a more congenial clime.

Caracas, the fair capital of the republic, known as "Little Paris" during Guzman Blanco's time, is now only a deserted village. The theatres are all closed, for it is considered dangerous to bring the people together during these stirring times. The great Plaza de Bolivar, with its massive equestrian figure of the immortal hero, is as silent as his gilded tomb in the Pantheon. The roar of the mad bulls in the circo del toros on Sunday afternoons is now replaced by soft strains of music from many churches, mingled with Te Deums for some reported victory, or prayers for the repose of the souls of the dying. Business is paralyzed, commerce retarded, and women scarcely speak above a whisper.

Such is the chaos into which Andrueza Palacio saw fit to plunge this beautiful country, cowardly deserting when the tocsin of war sounded, in order that he might enjoy in foreign lands ten million bolivars taken from the national treasury. Such is the condition in which General Mendoza found unhappy Venezuela; and far worse did he leave her, when he proclaimed himself Dictator, levied a war tribute of two million bolivars, and then stole away in the dead of night, leaving his poor starving soldiers upon the field of battle. All save those whose pecuniary interests render their presence absolutely necessary, and others too poor to fly, have sought a sanctuary in the little Dutch island of Curaçoa. There, amid the tall palm-trees of its peaceful shores, many prominent politicians are quietly awaiting the final act in this turbulent drama across the Caribbean.

Mendoza, the lawless Dictator, who threatened to kill every foreigner living in La Guayra; Rojas Paul, the ex-President, who betrayed his master, Guzman Blanco, and is said to be hatching another revolution; and Monagas, the President of the State of Bermudas, who stole away in the dead of night, promising to take no part in the existing trouble if he should be left in his present position, are almost within a stone's throw of these scenes of murder and bloodshed.

Mendoza is a fair type of these self-commissioned men, whose ephemeral rule has almost rent asunder unhappy Venezuela. His career, lawless as it proved brief, was a reign of terror that carried one back to the days of the Paris Commune. He appeared as the commander-in-chief of the government forces early one morning in Caracas, and marched over to the Casa Amarilla. William Tell Villegas was then masquerading as President of Venezuela. Turning to his senior, without even the formality of a "buenos dias," the general of the army said:

"President Villegas, I think you will find a change of air beneficial to your health; in the mean while I pronounce myself Dictator of the Republic."

Villegas did not even protest at this assumption of authority, but quietly vacated his office, and took passage for New York on the first mail-steamer. Mendoza now bethought himself of a cloak under which he could conceal his proposed plan of public robbery. His tool had to be a President of his own making. Such he found in Villegas Pulido, a nephew of the former President. How was this master-stroke of diplomacy to be accomplished? Pulido was ninth on the list of Vice-Presidents, nineteen of whom were then eligible for the much-desired office. How could he be reached over the heads of his seniors? Gigantic brain of Mendoza! He imprisoned the other eight, and thus was created the present ruler of the United States of Venezuela.

Mendoza was a trifle short of funds, and a Dictator should never be in need. The public treasury was empty, however, Andrueza Palacio having helped himself to ten million bolivars previous to his little outing, two months ago. The situation was embarrassing even to Mendoza, but again his fertile brain came to the rescue.

"Merchants must have money," mused he, "and a patriotic citizen should ever contribute freely to the support of his government."

Patriotic citizens, like angels' visits, were few and far between just at this stage of the drama, however, and for once was the great Mendoza baffled.

"These insolent fellows must be 'squeezed,'" said he, "and we have a large prison at La Guayra."

Forthwith he proceeded to lock up a few of his rebellious subjects. Unfortunately for him, however, among these were several foreign consuls. The representative of the United States, Phillip C. Hanna, was appointed dean of the consular corps, and made such a vigorous protest that the decks of the Spanish and French men-of-war were cleared for action, their guns loaded, and trained on the little custom-house under the mountain.

"Unless the foreign consuls are immediately and unconditionally released," said the French commander, "I will bombard the town."

"The first shot that is fired into La Guayra," replied Mendoza, "will be the signal for the massacre of every foreigner in the place."

"There may be one killed, but Mendoza will be the second," was the Frenchman's apt reply.

The consuls were released nevertheless, and Mendoza, finding "discretion the better part of valor," sailed for more congenial shores at dawn the next morning.

Mendoza's excuse for his actions is as amusing as it is unique, and thoroughly indicative of the administration of the present government. "I had been in the field for several months fighting their battles," said he, "when I learned that there was to be a division of the spoils. On looking over the list of officers and money to be paid, I failed to see either my own name or that of any of my officers. When I reached Caracas I found every one helping himself, and decided that I would do likewise."

Such was the brief career of one of the stars in this little drama. There is another, and one of lesser magnitude, that has attracted a great deal of attention, especially in the United States. This is one Urdaneta, for whom Admiral Walker with three United States men-of-war is now looking. The individual in question is rather a unique figure in Venezuelan politics. He was given command of the Army of the West at the commencement of the revolution, and while acting as military governor of Puerto Cabello, conceived the idea of becoming President himself.

Gathering around him a few followers, he started a little revolution of his own, refusing to acknowledge either the *de facto* government or the revolutionists under Crespo. One day the American vessel *Caracas* steamed into the harbor of Puerto Cabello, having on board as passengers six Venezuelans with passports from the government then in power. Urdaneta, thinking that these men might, in a measure, be injurious to his cause if left at large, demanded them as prisoners. The captain of the *Caracas* protested against their being removed. Urdaneta informed him that he might protest all day, but that he wanted the men, and would have them, dead or alive. "I will take the men," he said, "and then the United States may send their gunboats to get them back again."

And the United States has sent her gunboats, and just at present things look pretty dark for Mr. Urdaneta. The present government has officially repudiated him, and refused to assume any responsibility for his act; the revolutionists, under Leon Colina, defeated him recently in a bloody battle near Coro. Returning to Puerto Cabello, he found it in the hands of Crespo's people. Maracaibo had revolted against him, Colina held Valencia, and there was no place to turn to but the Dutch island of Arabu. Here he is said to be awaiting the tide of events, and devising other revolutionary schemes.

The action of the authorities now in power place Urdaneta in the light of a freebooter or pirate, and as such he is liable to capture by any civilized nation. Some say that he is meditating an attack upon La Guayra from the sea, and is liable to appear at any moment. If he should come within range of Admiral Walker's guns, however, it will be a sad day for this many-sided general.

In the mean time Crespo is massing his forces around Caracas, and annoying the government people by a series of small skirmishes in different sections of the state. He will not advance upon the capital, however, until the steamer *South Portland* reaches him safely. Exactly where she will land her cargo of arms and ammunition it is impossible to say just at present. This is all that has delayed his advance upon Caracas, however; for though the army now consists of twenty thousand men, they are poorly equipped, and have had to contend with difficulties that would have crushed anybody but a man of Crespo's indomitable will and great personal bravery.

THE MACHINERY OF VOTING.

THE last Legislature of the State of New York, with the assistance of the Statutory Revision Commission, made a number of important changes in the election laws of the State that will make it necessary for the average voter to keep his wits about him when he enters the election booth to prepare his ballot November 8th. It is no unusual thing to hear men of more than ordinary intelligence say that they have never voted under the ballot-reform law and don't propose to do so this year, simply because they fear the embarrassment of the situation when presented with what they seem to consider an elaborate system. As a matter of fact, the requirements of the election law are far from perplexing; they are few, simple, and definite, and only need to be illustrated to be thoroughly understood.

Most of the recent changes made in the New York law have to do with the nomination of candidates and the duties of the election officers rather than with the actual preparation and casting of the ballot, and are therefore only of minor interest to the average voter. What he wants to know is how to cast his ballot so that it shall be counted for the men of his choice with as little trouble to himself and as little interruption to his business day as possible. If he will take the trouble to read over those sections of the law which treat of the preparation and casting of the ballot, he will be surprised at the simplicity of the new method.

First of all, the voter must register. This he may do, in this city and Brooklyn, October 11th, 19th, 28th, and 29th. In cities other than New York and Brooklyn the registration days are the fifth, fourth, third, and second Saturdays before election. Elsewhere than in cities the days of registry are but two—the third and second Saturdays before election. The hours of registry are the same throughout the State, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. One of the most important amendments to the law of 1891 is that which has to do with the registration in the country. Under the present law the would-be voter must appear before inspectors of election and register in person. Section 31 of Article II. of the laws of 1892 authorizes inspectors elsewhere than in cities, at their first meeting for registry, to place upon their lists the names of all persons appearing on the poll-list of the next preceding general election, except the names of such voters as are proven to their satisfaction to have ceased to be voters since the last general election; the names of all other persons known or proven to their satisfaction to be so qualified; and the names of all such persons so qualified who personally appear and request to have their names placed on the list. At their second and final meeting the names of such persons only as personally appear and are qualified shall be placed on the list.

Heretofore inspectors in country districts were permitted to make up the poll lists from their knowledge of the qualified voters of the district. This extension of the personal registration law from the cities to the entire State is by no means generally understood by the persons likely to be affected, and this fact is pretty certain to result in many farmers in the back-country districts finding, when they appear at the polls on election day, that their names are not on the lists, and that they must lose their votes in consequence. The polls will be open in this city from 6 A.M. to 4 P.M.; in Brooklyn and elsewhere throughout the State from sunrise to sunset.

Unfortunately the party leaders have not yet become convinced of the practicability of the blanket ballot, which contains the names of all the candidates to be voted for, and which has been found to work so well in Massachusetts; therefore the voter must still be bothered with that unmitigated nuisance the paster. Upon entering the polling-place, November 8th, the voter will probably be somewhat confused by the large number of ballots provided him by the ballot clerk. There will be at least eleven of these, for every one of which he must account to the inspectors before leaving the enclosure. They will be the ballots of the Democratic, the Republican, the Prohibition, the Socialist, Labor, and the People's parties, containing the names of the Presidential electors and other nominees. Then there will be six ballots for votes on the three proposed constitutional amendments—three ballots marked "for" and three "against." One of these proposed amendments authorizes the sale of the State's salt springs; the second, an increase in the number of Supreme Court judges; and the third, the transfer of the decision in contested election cases from the Legislature to the courts.

Having discovered for what he is to vote, the next step is the preparation of the ballot. On receiving his ballot the voter must, without leaving the enclosed space about the polls, retire alone to one of the voting booths and prepare the ballot; except that a voter who shall declare under oath to the inspector of election that by reason of total blindness, loss of both hands, such total inability in both hands that he cannot use either hand for ordinary purposes, or physical disability by reason of crippled condition or disease, he is unable to receive or prepare his ballot without assistance, may select a person for that purpose, who shall be allowed to pass within the guard-rail, receive the ballot, and enter the voting booth with the voter, and there assist in preparing his ballot. The person selected for this purpose must not in any manner request or seek to persuade or induce the voter to vote any particular ballot or for any particular candidate, and must not directly or indirectly reveal to any other person the name of any candidate voted for by the voter, or anything occurring within the voting booth, and he must not remain within the guard-rail longer than is necessary to assist the disabled voter.

The name of any person for whom the voter desires to vote for any office named on the official ballot may be written on the official ballot which the voter proposes to vote within the booth, but nowhere else; or a paster containing one or more names or offices may be pasted thereon; or a paster ballot containing the names of all the candidates for whom the voter may vote for all such offices may be pasted thereon. Every paster or paster ballot must not be more than four inches wide, and must be printed on white paper in plain black ink, and in type uniform with that used on official ballots. All matter written or pasted on official ballots must be written or pasted below the perforated lines on the face of the ballots, and in such a way that no letter thus pasted shall project beyond the sides of the official ballot upon which it is pasted, and in such way that it shall not be visible when the ballot is properly folded for voting.

Any name written or pasted upon a ballot voted in the manner above described shall be deemed the choice of the voter, notwithstanding the name for another candidate for another office may be upon the original ballot without being erased, covered, or concealed by the written or pasted matter. But if the names of two or more candidates for the same office are printed on the ballot, and a less number of names of candidates for such office be written or pasted thereon, each name printed on the official ballot shall, if not erased or concealed, be deemed the choice of the voter. If the voter spoil any one of the set of ballots in the preparation of his ballot, he may receive another full set from the ballot clerks by returning to them the set of ballots containing the spoiled ballot, but not more than four full sets can be thus obtained.

After preparing his ballot, and before leaving the booth, in which he is permitted to remain ten minutes, the voter must fold each ballot, first crosswise by bringing the bottom of the ballot up to the perforated line, and then in the middle lengthwise, in such a way that the contents of the ballots shall be concealed, and the stubs can be removed without exposing any of the contents of the ballot. The voter shall keep thus folded all the ballots delivered to him until he shall have handed them to the inspector. He shall deliver the ballots which he desires to vote to the inspectors, who after announcing the name of the voter and removing the stub from the ballot, shall deposit them in the ballot-box, and the voter, having thus voted, shall deliver to the inspector the remainder of the set of ballots given him, and his duty as an American citizen will have been done.

DWIGHT WHITNEY BOWLES.

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK—THE PONTIFICAL MASS OF

F THANKSGIVING IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 1006.]

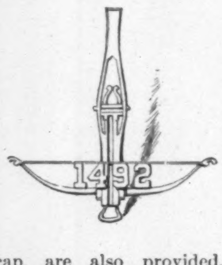
COLONEL EDMUND RICE, U.S.A.
Commandant of the Columbian Guard.

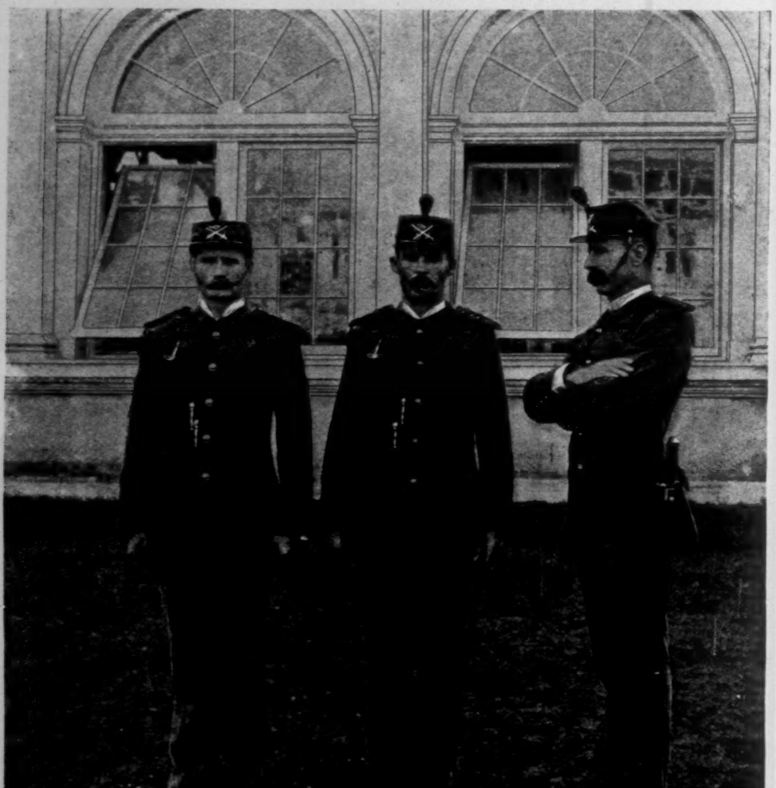
THE COLUMBIAN GUARD.

WITH the first active work of construction upon the exposition came the requirement for its protection. It was obvious that this service must combine in a measure the duties of soldier and police—a body which must be under military discipline, and at the same time be vested with the authority of civil officers. Until the detail of Colonel Edmund Rice, United States army, as Commandant of the Guard, in November, 1891, its organization had not been fully effected; the comparatively small number of men comprising the same had previously reported to and been subject to the order of the General Superintendent. Colonel Rice's early efforts were directed toward the application of military drill and discipline. The respective duties of fire protection and the patrol, heretofore operated as one, were quickly separated into two distinct branches. The entire territory of the exposition was divided into districts, each comprising one or more buildings. Companies were organized, and officers assigned to their command. The staff now consists of the following officers: Colonel Edmund Rice, United States army, Commandant; Captain Fred A. Smith, Twelfth United States Infantry, Adjutant, commanding Company E, Fire-Alarm and Wagon Patrol; First Lieutenant C. B. Hoppin, Second United States Cavalry, Quartermaster, commanding Company A; First Lieutenant R. J. C. Irvine, Eleventh United States Infantry, commanding Company B; Captain George M. Farnham, commanding Company C; Captain H. M. Elliott, commanding Company D (gate-keepers); Captain W. J. Sanderson, commanding Company F; Captain A. C. Speed, Inspector Fire Department; Captain John Bonfield, Chief of Secret Service Bureau; Captain J. C. Chadwick, Chief Inspector.

Guard stations were established, and at the present time there are eight of these buildings at various points throughout the grounds; each is in architectural harmony with its surroundings. The ground or first floor of these structures comprises the main hall for the steam fire-engine, chemical fire-engine, hose-wagon, hook-and-ladder truck, and other necessary equipment, together with the assembly-room and storage closets. The second floor is occupied as quarters for the command assigned to the district. Careful attention has been given to providing the requisite apparatus used throughout the grounds for fire protection, and these appliances are of the highest type known. In addition to the hose-wagon to be found in each guard station, there are located in accessible places in the main buildings numerous hose-reels, and thirty-four hose-carts upon the grounds, which may at a moment's notice be attached to hydrant or engine. The present equipment also includes seven hundred hand chemical extinguishers and five thousand pails. Fires within the buildings frequently occur in spite of the vigilance of the officers to promptly remove all inflammable débris resulting from construction; in every case, however, since the beginning of the work, the flames have been extinguished by the guard, with but little damage, by means of these hand appliances—a fact which testifies to the efficiency of the system and to the thorough training of the command. The engines summoned by the fire-alarm telegraph system, which extends throughout the grounds, invariably find upon their arrival the fire out and the danger over. The sum of twenty-five dollars will more than cover the loss by the most serious fire yet recorded. Upon the discovery of fire the entire force, except those upon their specified posts, is summoned by gongs placed in each dormitory, assembly hall, etc.; its exact location is indicated by the signal code. All members of the guard are subject to these calls, whether asleep or awake. Active duty is assigned in four hours on and four hours off throughout the twenty-four. The relief forces are so arranged that at each half-hour an organized body of men, under the command of an officer, may be seen marching through some portion of the grounds *en route* to their posts or returning to their dormitories. The discipline of the regular army is at all times maintained, and each division of the guard is thoroughly drilled every day.

The uniform has been designed with a view to simplicity, economy, and effect. The cap, which is of dark blue cloth, combining the Austrian military head-gear with the French *képi*, is ornamented with a design in fire gilt representing the sword and matchlock of the fifteenth-century type, after well-known Spanish models, crossed and surmounted by a morion of the same date. The jacket is also of dark blue, and is a modification of the close-fitting Austrian blouse. It is handsomely braided in black. Opposite the buttons upon the left breast, forming a support for the signal whistle, there is a six-pointed star, with numerous other points converging at the centre, where there is a representation of an eagle's head holding in its beak a ring; through this ring the whistle cord passes. Upon the left breast a miniature cross-bow of the time of Columbus bears the number of the guard by whom it is worn. These designs, like the ornament upon the cap, are also in fire gilt; the buttons are of the same material, and have the outlines of the Western hemisphere embossed upon them Aiguillettes of black, and pompons of the same color for the cap, are also provided. The trousers are of a lighter blue, with double braids of black extending down the sides; these braids are divided by a red welt for the guards, and a white welt for the firemen. With the exception of this, and a different design upon the cap of the firemen, the two uniforms are similar. The club, which we are accustomed to consider a part of the American policeman, is not carried, but a small sword or "hanger" is suspended from a belt concealed beneath the jacket, as an insignia only; it is not designed or intended for service. In cases of personal injury to visitors or workmen the facts are at once telephoned to the nearest station; an ambulance promptly responds, and conveys the patient to the exposition hospital, where the medical staff renders the requisite "first attention." This hospital is for emergency cases only, and has no provision for other than temporary care.





MEN OF THE COLUMBIAN GUARD—THE POLICE OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

Throughout the various divisions of the Columbian Guard a spirit of comradeship prevails, and all departments are in hearty sympathy with each other, being taught that they are one and the same, and that they should, when necessary, readily merge their respective functions into one. This is illustrated upon an alarm of fire, when the guards turn out with the firemen, and render all possible assistance. Although organized into a system which moves with almost automatic regularity, but one-fifth of the ultimate number of men are as yet in the service. Between two thousand and twenty-five hundred will be required for the protection of the grounds, buildings, and exhibits at the opening and during the continuance of the exposition. It is the aim of the commandant to secure a superior class of men, and, other things being equal, the applicant with the better address, manners, and education has a decided advantage in his favor. A physique which will readily pass the severe medical examination, reliable testimonials as to previous character, and more than average intellect are absolutely essential for admission to the ranks.

In this connection a short biographical sketch of Colonel Rice, Commandant, cannot fail of interest. He was born in 1842, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and spent his earlier boyhood there. At the age of fourteen he entered upon a two years' course at the Military Academy, Norwich, Vermont. Upon the completion of this term he took up the study of navigation and engineering. After an extended voyage, covering the four quarters of the globe, he returned to Massachusetts at the outbreak of the late war, and enlisted at the age of nineteen. He was shortly thereafter elected Captain of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, was a Major at twenty, Lieutenant-Colonel at twenty-one, and Colonel at twenty-two. His military record is one of the most brilliant of the civil war. He was presented by Congress with a medal of honor "for conspicuous bravery in leading his regiment in the countercharge against Pickett's division, he himself falling severely wounded within the enemy's lines in the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863, while serving as Major, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry." At the close of the war, after a short retirement to private life, Colonel Rice entered the regular army, and his name is well known throughout the country, not alone by his brilliant career, but also through his inventions and improvements in weapons. Upon leave of absence in 1877 he visited Europe at the time of the Turko-Russian war. Joining the headquarters of the Russian army, under the Grand-Duke Nicholas, he became, through the courtesy of the late Czar, temporarily attached to the staff of General Skobeleff, and was present at the storming of Green Hill, November 9, 1877. Previous to his detail as Commandant of the Columbian Guard, he was Judge-Advocate of the Department of Missouri, Chicago, Illinois.

Great credit is due Colonel Rice for the admirable manner in which the Columbian Guard was organized, and for the effective system by which it is maintained.

MONTGOMERY BRECKINRIDGE PICKETT.

PERSONAL.

AMONG the souvenirs of war times which General LEW WALLACE has collected in the library of his home at Crawfordsville, Indiana, are what are supposed to be the last fetters removed from an American slave. They were taken from the wrists of a fugitive mulatto woman who sought refuge at General WALLACE's headquarters while he was in camp at Baltimore, and now hang over his mantel beneath a silk flag that the ladies of Indianapolis presented to his regiment, the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers.

—Miss KÜHNE BEVERIDGE is the young sculptress from San Francisco who has for the past week been working on a bust of ex-President CLEVELAND, who posed for her between the visits of Democratic delegations at his rooms in the Victoria Hotel. Miss BEVERIDGE is very young in years and in her art, and has but just sprung into prominence. She came to New York without local reputation as an artist or influence to help her, and the artists and the general public are waiting to see how she will justify the opportunity given her and the many kind things which have been said of herself and her work.

—AUBREY STANHOPE, the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who had himself inoculated with cholera virus, and who has just returned to Paris alive after having spent several weeks in the beds of the cholera patients at Hamburg, has shown his spirit before, but in the less dangerous form of driving four-in-hand, riding across country, and boxing. He is of a very old and good family in England, and went about a great deal in this city and Newport when he visited this country several years ago.

(Continued from page 994.)

ing out of bed. But he was too dead with sleep to bring an inquiry to his lips, and he did not know until he was called in the morning that Dick had not returned. A little after breakfast a young man came down from town.

"Dick Merlin sent me out," he said, "to take his place. He said he had a sudden call to the west—folks sick or somethin'."

"His folks don't live west," said Kate McGovern, who overheard. To herself she said that Dick might have asked her to help him out of his trouble. There is nothing that so flatters a woman as to be asked by a man to help him out of trouble.

It was near the morning of the second day when Dick Merlin reached the town of Lamar—a little town, built of pine, and surrounded by nothing in particular. He went to the hotel for his breakfast, for which he had to wait a couple of hours, and while he was waiting he sat in the chilly office staring straight before him, and listening to every word that was spoken by the men who lounged about. There were only a few of them, travelling men principally, who had come in on the early train. The clerk was telling them the news.

"You ought to have been here last night," he said; "we had a lynching."

Dick sat inert. He did not even tighten the grasp of his hands on the arms of the chair.

"Yes. Great times we're having now. I don't want to see anything like it again. I wouldn't have missed it, though, for a thousand dollars. There were six men and two women in the jail. Only two men were strung up. The rest of the gang was let off. It's hard to tell why. There wa'n't no thought of hangin' th' women. It wa'n't known really if they had anything to do with the business. But folks suspicioned them. Letting the women off made the crowd milder someway. Two of the fellows was so young it seemed ridiculous to hang 'em—like stringin' up babies. It went against the grain, that's all. They're in jail now. Two of th' fellows took leg-bail. Nobody knows how they got away. I guess they'd been in the midst of heavenly joys by this time if they hadn't lit out."

"Pretty big crowd?" inquired one of the travelling men, quite as if he were inquiring about the attendance at some evening entertainment.

"'Stonishing! Didn't know there was so many folks in th' county. They was quiet, too, but awful determined. I felt queer. I wasn't used to such things. Once I felt like hollerin'. I wanted to go away, an' I didn't. I shook all over. It wasn't no fun, if that's what you're thinkin'."

Dick wondered if those men were never going to ask where the women were. What a fool he had been? What a coward! Would they never ask?

"The jail give way first blow. The sheriff didn't say nothin' except to ask if they was goin' to leave th' women alone. He's a fine fellow. He stood right up an' said, 'See here, boys, don't none of you forget that we ain't hangin' no women!' Th' men laughed at him. 'What 'd yeh take us fur?' they said. I tell yeh what, this community ain't so bad as it gets credit fur being. Folks think we ain't law-abidin'! Well, the fun didn't las' long. It was hard work gettin' th' ole man up, though. He was a fat 'un. I was afraid th' rope was goin' to break—"

Dick sprang to his feet. "Where are the women?" he shouted. "What did they do with them?"

It didn't take long to find them—it wouldn't take long to find any one in Lamar. They were in the sitting-room of the little milliner, and the wife of the man who had been hung was lying on a sofa looking at a red geranium which bloomed in the milliner's window.

Dick stopped in the door, and motioned Marie back as she rose to meet him.

"Before God," he said, slowly, "no word of mine brought this on you! I never told a living soul."

"You!" Marie moved toward him again, with her sad eyes growing luminous. "Do you think you need to tell that?"

But Dick still paused there sternly in the doorway, and held out no hand toward her.

"But I've been a sneak all the same. I have left you to stand all this alone. I don't suppose you'll ever forget that." He looked at her doubtingly.

Marie came closer.

"Did you know?" she whispered.

He nodded. A flush spread over the girl's face.

"But it didn't keep you from—"

The love that had restrained him until now made restraint impossible longer.

"I knew before I loved you. There is nothing that could keep me from loving you—nothing."

It was as if he had never been away from her. The old charm was over him, compelling as ever.

It was several minutes before either of them noticed that Marie's mother was apparently unconscious of his presence. He spoke to her, but she did not answer. She did not even turn her eyes. Mind had perhaps been gone a long time. She never spoke again, though there seemed nothing except a defect of the will to prevent her from doing so. Marie, summoning up a natural tenderness long since in abeyance, would not let her be moved from the place where she could see the milliner's flowers, and Dick bought a lily from the Chinamen, and it sent up a new blossom every hour, each one holding a perfume like incense in its ivory cup.

When she was dead, Marie had her taken out and buried beside that little mound of black dirt where the baby lay who died before Marie was born.

Though he had so much to think of, Dick could not help hearing some talk that was going about the town. It had been started by the man who sent him out to the sand-hill country first.

"I thought it was mighty queer," this man said to a group of his friends about the station, "that he should be down there all that time and not find out anything. He wouldn't take any of my money—I'll give the devil his due. But it stands to reason that he must have been in with the gang. I guess he got enough out of it to make up for what he didn't get from me."

Dick heard all this, but he didn't tell Marie. He thought over what it would be best to do. There was no use in attempting a denial. Any one, even a fool, would deny a thing like that. But though the old pride of his honesty was still strong, it had given place to the courage to do the right thing regardless of appearances. He settled the matter dramatically.

They got married at the Squire's. Then they took the train westward.

"You said the world was large," Dick said to Marie. "Let's go and see how large it is."

BY MADAME ADAM.

VIENNA is one of the few towns in which a Parisian could say, "After all, if I had to inhabit this place I need not die!"

Vienna presents an appearance alike graceful and dignified. An incomparable river, the beautiful blue Danube, encircles it as if to lead it forth in an endless waltz. The Danube gives it life and light, and the glimpses of the Orient obtained from it make it one of the most attractive of Western cities. The frame-work of mountains surrounding Vienna is also very fine, and I know nothing grander or more brilliant than a sunset seen from the Josephsdorf Castle on the Kahlenberg.

At such times Vienna gradually becomes suffused with a pale rose-color, whilst the plain of the March, which was shaken in the terrible battles of Essling and Wagram, remains of a dark green, witnessing to its marvellous fertility. The blue of the Danube deepens into black towards Hungary, as if its wide-stretching Puzta swallowed up all the light in the sky; the buttresses of the Carpathians turn violet, and the Styrian Alps glow with a red as vivid as that of the patches on the heads of the heath-cocks which abound amongst them. The Viennese say that the view is even finer from the Leopoldsberg, the last spur of the Wienerwald, and it may perhaps be more unique, as the Danube lies some 900 feet below; but the landscape composes better from the Kahlenberg, the foreground and middle distance being more distinct.

Set down in scenery so lovely and poetic, a town cannot be melancholy or its inhabitants dull. All is bright above and below, and the brightness is reflected in the disposition of the people, who are more like Parisians than any other inhabitants of Europe. A Celtic origin, too, is claimed for them. Good-hearted, brave, and of proverbial gayety, the people of Vienna love excitement, fêtes, and shows. They must have variety, and they seek it everywhere, at no matter what cost. Monotony, of which *ennui* is the offspring, is the dread of a true Viennese. Everything is sacrificed for the sake of amusement, and he will laugh at a caricature of himself if it be but a good one. He spares neither his idols nor his enemies, for novelty is as necessary to him as his daily bread.

Vienna, with its suburbs, has more than a million inhabitants. Last July, for the first time, the municipal council of Vienna considered the question of the annexation of the suburban communes, and the formation of a vast Viennese agglomeration. They proudly voted for the aggrandizement of the capital, but energetically opposed the abandonment of the communal autonomy, yielding to the wish of the entire population, which could not accept a burgomaster nominated by the government.

At the present day there is an extraordinary amount of traffic in the streets of Vienna, a perpetual going to and fro, the passengers jostling each other with a vivacity of gesture and a good-humor which favorably impress the stranger at once. There are a good many idlers here, as in Paris, and amongst them certain distinct types very interesting to watch, and which I will describe presently, when I have given a brief summary of the history of Vienna.

Of Celtic origin, Vienna was once in the possession of the Romans. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius died there in 180 A.D. Inhabited successively by the Slavs, the Rugii, the Huns, and the Goths, etc., the history of Vienna is of no particular interest until the twelfth century, although the first crusades had some influence on its development, and drew down on it the hatred of the Mussulmans—a hatred which revived later, and at one time threatened the very existence of the town.

A Margrave of Babenberg took up his residence at Vienna, built a castle there, and fortified the town. His descendants defended it gloriously until one of them allowed it to be taken from him in the thirteenth century by Ottocar, King of Bohemia. Rudolf of Hapsburg took it in his turn from Ottocar, and gave it to one of his sons, who fixed his residence there.

The dukes of the house of Hapsburg having deprived the burgesses of Vienna of their privileges, these burgesses revolted several times, and by a strange turn of the wheel of fortune a king of Bohemia came to the rescue of Frederick of Hapsburg when he was blockaded in his castle.

Later, Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary, took Vienna by assault, and resided in it. Mathias was worthy of his new possession, for he was a skilful ruler, a great leader, and, moreover, a man of culture, with a taste for literature. He died at Vienna in 1496, and Maximilian of Hapsburg returned to his capital, amidst the rejoicing of his people.

The great event which succeeded the return of the national dynasty was the first siege of Vienna. In 1529 Soliman III. besieged it with 200,000 men, but he could not gain an entrance, though it was defended by only 25,000 men. The Turks returned in 1682 with 400,000 men, sent by Mohammed IV. In spite of the heroism of the inhabitants, who between the two attacks of the Turks had had to defend themselves from the Bohemians, the town would have succumbed but for the aid of John Sobieski, King of Poland, who surrounded the forces of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, and so saved Christendom. It was on the 15th of September, 1683, that Count Staremberg saw appear in the distance the banners of John Sobieski and of Duke Charles V. of Lorraine. The bench from which the besieged ruler, whose strength and resources were alike exhausted, saw the deliverers of his town approaching, is still shown in the tower of the cathedral.

In the winter of 1805 Murat took Vienna, and Napoleon I. won it again in the spring of 1809.

On the 13th of March, 1848, the people demanded a constitution of Ferdinand I. Feeling himself too weak to cope with the growing needs of his people, the Emperor soon afterwards abdicated in favor of Francis Joseph, and it was thus that one of the most aristocratic members of the house of Hapsburg was gradually compelled to take into account the spread of democracy in his dominions.

The court of the Emperor of Austria is very Olympian, and the most exclusive in Europe. Personally, Francis Joseph does not care to receive any but nobles with sixteen quarterings, or the officers of his army. In his palace and elsewhere he is altogether the sovereign.

What the Emperor likes best are the pomp, the rapid motion, and the excitement of the chase; he is fond, too, of shooting grouse, the birds being surprised in the night by single shooters, and killed early in the morning as they be-

THE PRATER ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

gin their first song, for it is quite impossible to get at them in the daytime.

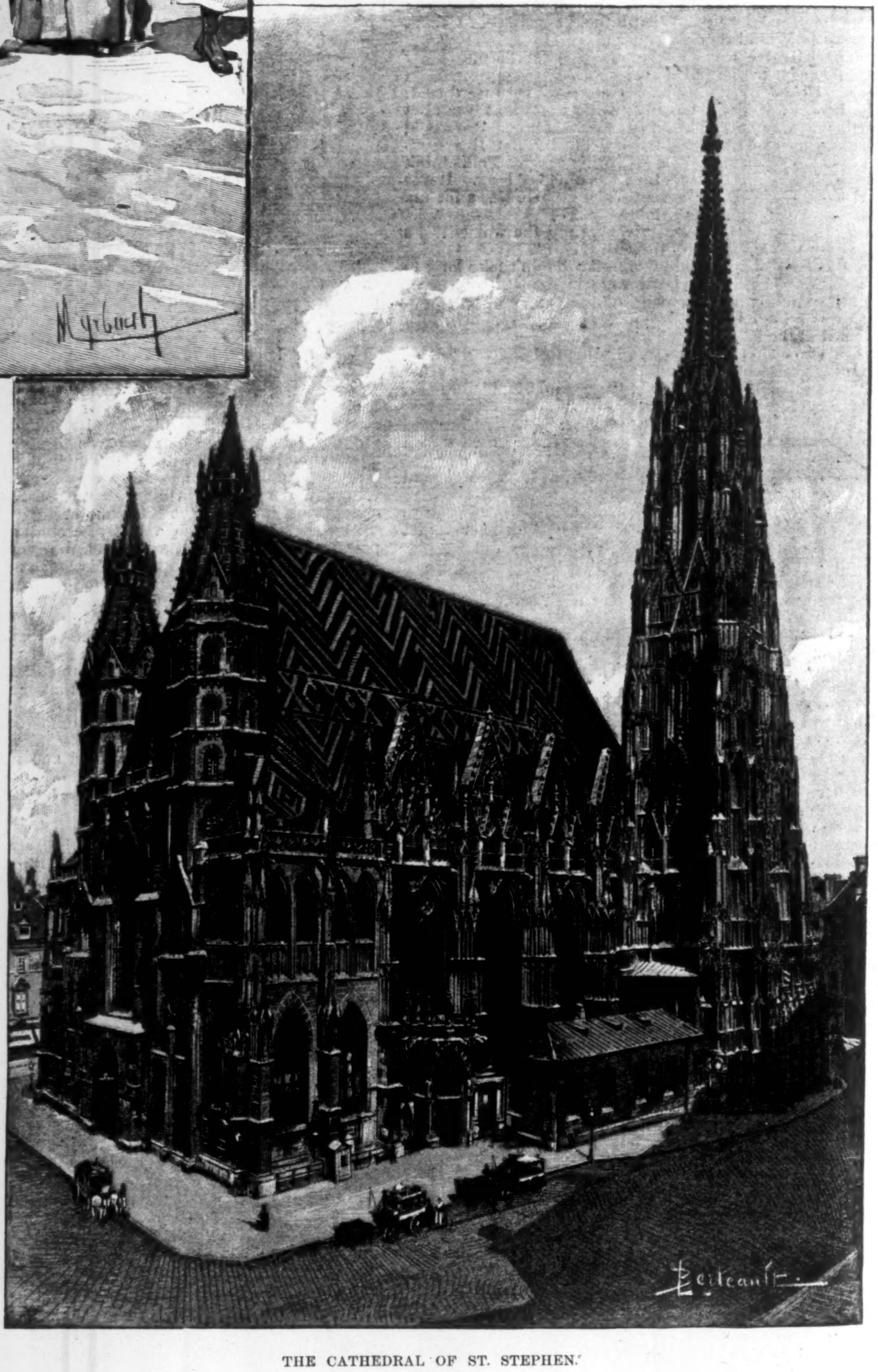
Francis Joseph's activity is extraordinary, and he would have been perfectly happy as an absolute monarch. It has been very painful to him to have to share his power with parliamentary institutions, and he looks upon responsible ministers as a fifth wheel in a chariot. He would have preferred an imperial to a constitutional government, but he has with loyalty and resignation abandoned the grand policy of Maria Theresa, which the defeat at Sadowa rendered impossible to him. When provincial opinion makes demands too distinct to be ignored, he takes them duly into account; but he withdraws himself from his people because they have refused to accept him with his traditions. He lives a family life, avoiding crowds as much as he can, and content to be looked upon as a monarch hedged about with restrictions. Francis Joseph is, however, very generous, and the unfortunate never appeal to him in vain.

The Empress Elizabeth, a princess of Bavaria, seems to take more

THE EMPEROR.

pleasure in being Queen of Hungary than Empress of Austria. The magnates of Hungary have an esteem for her which nothing has lessened. She has learned their language, she wears their national costume, and is happy amongst them. All the Magyars know her, whilst many

A VIENNA CAB-DRIVER.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

THE FRANZENSRING.

Viennese have never seen her. Democracy does not please her at all; she has retained at court the traditions of the most rigid etiquette, and will not allow modern ideas to penetrate into her circle. If Francis Joseph had remained an absolute monarch she would have loved popularity, but as for popularity with those who dare to claim to dictate to sovereigns, and to choose their own form of government, she altogether scorns it. If the Empress were sure of finding in the people of Vienna the respect she was accustomed to in the past, she would appear in the theatre of which the Viennese are so enamored; but she knows that nowadays the people venture to judge and criticise their rulers, and therefore she refuses every year to appear at the fêtes of the Resurrection and of Corpus Christi. Former empresses walked on foot in these processions, followed by the ladies of their court, with pages bearing the trains of their robes. One can guess what a privation it is to the Viennese no longer to be allowed to witness such an imposing sight as this must have been.

The Empress is passionately fond of riding, and is the first Amazon of the world. Aristocratic as she is, and altogether averse to democracy, she admits riding-masters to her friendship. The English have dubbed her the "Queen of Amazons," and she could give lessons in horsemanship to the first professors of the art. The poor young Prince Rudolf was a true Viennese of democratic opinions, and very popular.

SKATING IN VIENNA.

Though Vienna is cosmopolitan, and all races jostle each other in its streets, the old Viennese remain thoroughly Viennese, and seem to have absorbed into one unique type all the mixtures and cross-breeds.

The Viennese types are very curious. The first to arrest the attention of the visitor is the hackney-coachman. None but those who have seen him can have any idea of the elegance of his get-up. No one in Vienna is better dressed than he, and heaven only knows if any one else is as well dressed. The cut of his garments, which are of fine cloth, is perfect; his aristocratic feet are shod with good boots; his linen is irreproachable. He drives horses as brilliant and as well cared for as his carriage itself, with consummate skill and address.

The old Viennese detests the Ringstrasse and the new monuments. He is broken hearted over the embellishment of Vienna, which ought to fill him with pride. The names of the new streets irritate him. "The old town," he says, "belonged to the Viennese; the new town is the property of the Jews."

I don't know whether Vienna really does belong to the Jews, but it must be admitted that since the battle of Sadowa she has to a great extent submitted to the taste of her conqueror, and that many clumsy decorations are of Berlin rather than of Viennese origin.

There is, however, amongst the new buildings the most beautiful of all modern churches—the Votivkirche, a church erected by Maximilian in memory of the miraculous escape of Francis Joseph from attempted assassination in 1853.

This church was designed by a man of genius, the architect Fertsel. It is purely Gothic in style, and nothing is needed but the lapse of centuries to make it a perfect work.

A UHLAN OFFICER IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.

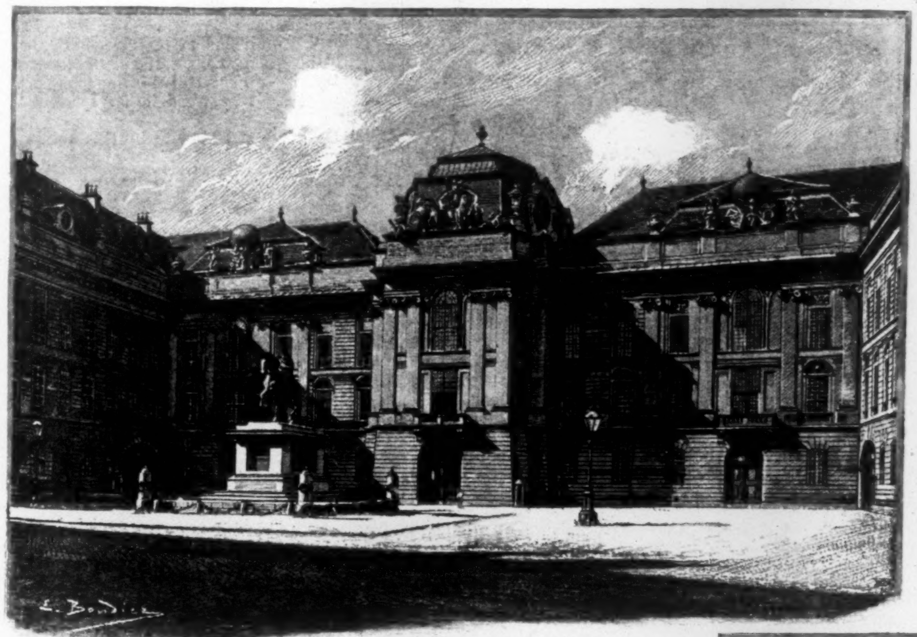
The cathedral of St. Stephen, built by Master Wenzld of Klosterneuburg, was well calculated to inspire a modern architect, and it was near to this marvel of beauty that Fertsel erected his masterpiece. St. Stephen's Cathedral, which was partly rebuilt between 1300 and 1510, occupies the site of a Roman church, of which some portions still remain. It is one of the finest Gothic monuments of the world, and is of the form of a Latin cross, with a nave and two aisles. Its massive vaulting is supported on eighteen huge pillars. Numerous sketches adorn this fine building, and, of the minor details, those which longest detain the visitor are the chapel of St. Barbara, though of modern date, and the Frauenchor on the north side, in which is the monument to Duke Rudolf of Hapsburg, the founder of St. Stephen's. When the setting sun plays upon the delicate stone traceries, touching them with a rosy golden glow, the effect is most beautiful and impressive.

Equally incomparable are the Riesenthor, or Giant's Gate, and the Heidenthurm, or Heathen Tower. In fact, a whole day is required to see St. Stephen's properly, for one beauty succeeds another at every turn. I paused one evening at the entrance to one of the choirs, and looked at the exquisite bass-reliefs with which it is surrounded. Those representing Christ bidding farewell to the holy women were marvellously lit up, and the figures seemed to live and move. The figure of Jesus seemed to me more beautiful and His expression more tender than ever, as He pronounced in His divine voice those never-to-be-forgotten words of peace and comfort. The sarcophagus of Frederick III. in red marble is a very original work. Another great curiosity of St. Stephen's is the pulpit from which John of Campistran preached a crusade in the fifteenth century. From the summit of the tower of St. Stephen's a magnificent view of Vienna and its surroundings is obtained.

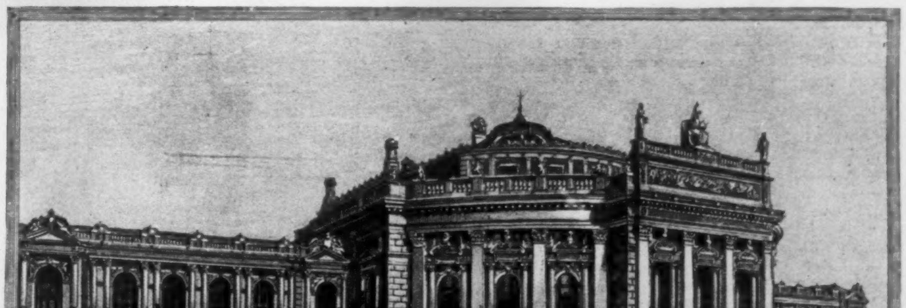
A VIENNA LADY.

The Augustiner Kirche, or Church of the Augustines, is connected with the Hofburg, or imperial castle, by an arcade, and it is in this church that the court performs its devotions. Here are to be seen the tomb of Maria Christina, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, of beautiful white marble, one of Canova's finest works, and the monument erected by Maria Theresa to the memory of Marshal Daun, the "liberator of his country."

The Capuchin Church, built in the seventeenth century, is very gloomy.



THE HOFBURG (THE LIBRARY).



THE NEW THEATRE FOR COMEDY.

It contains ninety-two tombs of members of the imperial family: but it is only the empty shells of the august deceased which these tombs enclose, the intestines being buried at St. Stephen's, and the hearts at the Church of the Augustines. There, amongst others, rest the bodies of Maria Theresa, Francis I., Maria Louisa, the wife of Napoleon I., the Duke of Reichstadt, Mathias, and the unfortunate Maximilian.

The Church of Maria Stiegen, the national place of worship of the Bohemians, dates from the golden age of Gothic art, and we must also mention the Church of the Minorites, St. Michael's, to which flock all the members of the fashionable world.

Of the noticeable buildings of Vienna other than churches the chief is the imperial palace, known as the Hofburg, which is without character, and has nothing remarkable about it but the treasures it contains, including a library of 400,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts, with a fine collection of engravings and wood-cuts to the number of about 300,000. The library is a vast building, its principal room being more than 225 feet long by some fifty-one broad. Seen from the centre of the room, the perspective of the ceiling is very remarkable, and the effect produced quite extraordinary. One wonders whether it is the accidental result of the way the light comes in, or whether the artist intended to produce it. The Hofburg library contains the most celebrated collection of Oriental MSS. in Europe, given about half a century ago by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, together with a great many Greek, Latin, and German MSS., and the chief ancient works of German literature, all of the utmost value to students and scholars. Amongst the most noticeable rarities are various books dating from the fourteenth century, including the oldest edition of the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible of the Poor, a Koran of 1545, the Prayer-book of Charles V., bearing signs of much usage, and in which, it is said, the place where the Emperor put his spectacles can be made out, some Mexican MSS., and some very fine antique bindings, probably unique.

The treasury of the Hofburg deserves a separate visit. The most remarkable objects contained in it are a beautiful goblet of inestimable value, incrusted with precious stones, which belonged to Charles the Bold; the salt-cellar made for Francis I. by Benvenuto Cellini; an Order of the Golden Fleece with the so-called Frankfort solitaire, a brilliant of forty-two and a half carats, in the centre, surrounded by one hundred and fifty smaller gems; the horoscope or talisman of Wallenstein; the insignia of the Holy Roman Empire; and lastly, to end a list which might be spun out to the length of the 1001 nights, the sabre of Haroun-al-Raschid.

The Maria Theresa monument on the platz named after it, dating from 1888, is a grand work in bronze, representing the Empress seated on her throne, surrounded by the generals and statesmen who aided her in the reconstruction of Austria.

On the Franzensring, one of the finest of the new streets of Vienna, opposite the Votivkirche, are the buildings of the University, a vast building with a portico decorated with sculptures; and a little farther on is the new Rathhaus, a fine structure in the Gothic style, richly decorated with statues, and with a tower 320 feet high, which cost 15,000,000 florins. The Rathhaus is divided into seven courts and a number of handsome rooms. The new Exchange may also be mentioned here. It is in the Renaissance style, and was completed in 1877.

Opposite the Volksgarten on the Burgplatz is a fine palace, the Reichsrathsgebäude, or Houses of Parliament, divided into two parts, the Chamber of Deputies on one side, and the Upper House on the other. The peristyle of this palace has twenty-four marble columns, and the walls of the rooms are hung with very fine historic paintings. Near the Parliament buildings are the Justiz-Palast, or Palace of Justice, and the Natural History Museum, all fine buildings in the modern German Renaissance style.

The Academy of Art is a grand building, with windows alternating with niches, in which are placed terra-cotta reproductions of the masterpieces of antique sculpture.

On the right of the Opera-house is the Kärtnerstrasse, leading to the Elizabethbrücke, or Elizabeth's Bridge, on which are eight statues of distinguished Viennese. On the Ringstrasse should also be noted the Handels-Akademie, or Academy of Commerce, the Künstlerhaus, or Artists' House, the Musikvereinsgebäude, or Academy of Music, and the Museum and School of Art and Industry—all fine modern buildings, the two last-named containing collections of great interest to the student.

The Barracks on the Franz-Josef's quay, connected with the Ringstrasse by the Aspernbrücke, are well built, and from them we may pass to the Belvedere, a museum worthy of a great capital. Begun in the seventeenth century, this fine building was completed in the eighteenth century by Prince Eugène of Savoy. It is divided into the Lower Belvedere, containing the finest collection of armor in the world, with the weapons of all the emperors and celebrated heroes of Austria; and the Upper Belvedere, the treasures of which defy description, and include well-selected masterpieces by Titian, Tintoretto, Giulio Romano, Paolo Veronese, Perugino, Caravaggio, Fra Bartolommeo, and others. The Rembrandts are only equalled by those in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, and the examples of the Dutch schools are simply invaluable.

Side by side with the Belvedere is the huge Imperial Arsenal, with its quaint collection of weapons, including cannons and guns of every period.

There are several very fine private collections in Vienna, notably those of the Archduke Albert, including 2000 engravings and 24,000 original drawings, the Lichtenstein Gallery, entered by way of a beautiful garden, the Czernin Gallery, and that of Count Schönborn.

One of the buildings I consider the most interesting and instructive to the stranger in Vienna is the Civic Arsenal, to visit which the authorization must be obtained of the captain of the fire brigade. The Civic Arsenal contains a good many French flags, trophies of war; but there are even more Prussian ones. The weapons, including those of the Rustaud war, are particularly noteworthy.* Here too may be seen the skull of the Grand-Vizier Kara Mustapha. Truth to tell, the cause of Vienna, when John Sobieski saved her, was that of all Christendom, and if the Turks had not been arrested by the courage of the townspeople, the whole of western Europe would have fallen under the yoke beneath which the Greeks and Slavs groaned so long, and from which the races of the Balkan Peninsula are not yet free.

The three public parks of Vienna are the Volksgarten (in which from early spring can be heard three times a week the fine orchestra of the celebrated Edward Strauss), the Hofgarten, and the Stadtpark, with shady trees and beds bright with a succession of flowers, lakes with ducks swimming about on them, and other attractions. The Stadtpark is the favorite rendezvous of young people, and the good citizens of Vienna are fond of going out to take breakfast or dinner in the Cursalon.

The chief note of color and interest in these parks is given by the military element. Since the conclusion of the Triple Alliance the army has played a much more important part in Vienna than it previously did. Every year the Austrian government adds twenty millions to its war budget, and creates new regiments in all the garrisons of its vast empire.

The infantry, once so brilliantly picturesque in the white helmets and blue trousers, are now a little less noticeable, the new uniform being dark blue and brown. The old cavalry looked superb in the long white cloaks, but only the hussars now retain the ancient costume, which is modified for all the other corps. All these changes, however, do not affect the wonderful horsemanship either of the Austrians or the Hungarians.

The white uniform is still worn by two Hungarian regiments of infantry. No other army is made up of so many nationalities as the Austrian, and an officer is expected to know German, Hungarian, and Bohemian for teaching recruits and issuing orders.

It is interesting to watch the drill of the Austrian army in the courts of the barracks, especially in that known as the Cavalry Court.

I was once present at the review of the garrison of Vienna, held once a year by the Emperor, on the vast plain known as the Schmelz, near the cemetery of the same name.

The enthusiasm of the pretty Viennese girls was delightful; and how charming they looked with their blue eyes and fresh cheeks; set off by dainty toilets, as they stood up in the carriages to get a better view! How their color deepened, and how softly the blue eyes gleamed, when the figure of some young officer was recognized parading past on foot or on horseback!

The Emperor is also always present at the grand review of the army at the head of his staff of marshals and generals, and with his escort of grand-dukes. All the regiments of infantry defile past at a good pace, the cavalry and artillery at a trot, and the sight is worth seeing.

I have said that the Viennese are fond of pleasure, and this taste is especially displayed at Christmas and at Easter. The poorest house has its tree at the former and its egg at the latter season. The patron of Vienna is St. Leopold, and on the day of his fête a grand procession, including all the magistrates, ministers, and clergy, marches round the town. Formerly even the Emperor took part in it, following it on foot. Psalms are chanted, and flowers are strewn in the streets as on Corpus Christi day. If it be fine, the true Viennese always goes out into the country, for the last time in the season, on St. Leopold's day, to take his dinner on Mount Leopold; and though the fête falls in November, it is often still quite warm and sunshiny.

Good-Friday is the great day of the fashionable world, when all the churches—especially St. Stephen's and St. Michael's—are crowded, and the altars are completely hidden with flowers.

Popular festivities take place in the Prater, which is the Bois de Boulogne of Vienna, and in which there is a kind of reserved place for the people, known as the Wurstel-Prater, and it is here that the Viennese are seen at their best, so frank and simple hearted are their manners when they are happily amused.

The Hauptallee, or Chief Avenue, is lovely in the spring, with the horse-chestnuts all in flower. On the 1st of May the great world meets to open the summer season, an old custom dating from the time of Maria Theresa. Splendid equipages, fine horses, grand toilets, abound, and the scene resembles what was so often to be seen in Acacia Avenue before the Prussian war. This ceremony is known as the Corso, and the Emperor opens the fête, attended by the archdukes and all the aristocracy.

The people form lines from the Praterstern, or Star of the Prater, to the Lusthaus, and between these lines the procession passes. In 1891 the fête of the 1st of May was rather spoiled by the fear of a socialist manifestation, the people hesitating to go to the Prater; but when they saw the workmen hurrying to the Wurstel-Prater, they ran to the Praterstern, and the fête took place without any hitch, but it was wanting in its usual brilliancy, and it is feared that if the 1st of May is chosen for the socialists' meeting, the Corso will disappear altogether.

During the last thirty years Vienna has changed a great deal; every day the old Viennese lose something, yet they still retain their individual character and remain a distinct type.

One extraordinary aberration of the *jeunesse dorée* of Vienna must be noted, and that is their habit of speaking a language incomprehensible to any one but themselves, which is neither German, Viennese, nor Austrian. The fault is in the teachers, who try to suppress what they call the horrible language of Vienna. Their pupils, introduced to "pure German," have created for themselves a jargon only spoken by the aristocracy. It is a relief after listening to it to turn to the people, and hear their fresh, bright, and simple diction.

The washer-woman who brings home your linen is a pretty young girl, wearing a short petticoat, displaying well-made and well-kept boots. Her head-dress is a tasty bow of silk, and a black velvet bodice defines clearly her dainty figure. She carries her basket of linen with the easy grace of a ballet girl at the Opéra Comique.

The man about town presents a very original appearance, with a small narrow-brimmed hat stuck at the back of his head, and two corkscrew ringlets hanging from his temples meeting the curled mustaches, giving him a look of reckless gayety which is by no means unpleasing.

Very different are the market-women, who are as ugly, as dirty, as vulgar in speech and manner, as the washer-women are charming, dainty, and graceful. It is said that these ladies, unlike the sellers of vegetables in Athens, take a pride in retaining unchanged the old language, which, far from being the best chosen, is the very coarsest possible, resembling the Billingsgate of London.

No soldier in the world wears his military costume or dons his cap with more distinguished grace than the Viennese. On the other hand, the petty tradesmen of Vienna are altogether without any special character. They love jewelry, such as scarf-pins, huge rings, watch-chains, and charms. A simple-hearted fellow, with honest eyes, and a smile on his mouth, he may be seen on Sunday with his wife beside him, who is dressed in black silk, an embroidered white shawl, and a little hat trimmed with feathers and with a turned-up brim. Behind the happy pair generally troop a number of little children.

The Viennese, though they are of a type peculiarly their own, are yet of a very complex character, revealing their mixed origin, the result of a series of influxes from without. Alike Oriental and Occidental, they have the indifference of the Arab and mobility of the Slav; they are as supple as the Italians and as brave as the Magyars. Fond of talking, and adoring an open-air life, the people of Vienna congregate outside the café, where there is always something going on to amuse them; and no matter what entertainment they go to, they always wind up with an hour or two at a café; for does not one meet every one there, and hear the news, or make some up if there be none? For gossip is the unfailing delight of the Viennese.

The Viennese are also very fond of impromptu theatricals at a wine shop or a café. Travelling actors, with those who have promised to treat them, suddenly dash in as they arrive for a few days' stay. They act little scenes or sing little songs in which the Viennese people are made fun of, their sallies being greeted with shouts of laughter and applause. The morality of the scenes represented and the songs sung are sometimes rather doubtful, but who would inquire too strictly into that, when the whole is seasoned with the proverbs the Viennese delight in?

The one great flaw in the Viennese character is the want of economy, the absence of forethought, and the dislike of steady work. A Viennese never thinks of old age, but spends all he gets without a thought of the future. On Sunday the poorest workman spends his whole week's earnings; he goes to the country, either alone or with his family, to taste the new vintage, or to breakfast and to pass the day in the Wurstel-Prater, where the circus, the wine shops, the Tsiganes, and the barrel-organs delight him.

He is noisy but never vulgar when he is taking his pleasure. The Viennese is always polite, especially to ladies. In a crowd he shouts and jostles his neighbors, but always in a good-natured way. He is fonder of talking than of drinking, and tipsy men in Vienna are rarely natives. One may almost say that the Viennese undergo a special popular education.

Fond of chaffing, the true Viennese is rarely cruel; his bark is far worse than his bite, and he works off all his ferocity in raillery. He is wonderfully patient in big things, but, strange to say, very impatient about trifles; any interference with him in his usual amusements, for instance, makes him lose all his good qualities in a moment; but the Viennese understand each other so well that an ebullition of temper on the part of one or another of them rarely embroils him with his fellow-citizens. So that, with rare exceptions, the good side only of the bourgeoisie is seen by the visitor to Vienna.

The upper middle classes of Vienna, including all those in the liberal professions, are exceptionally honest, active, hard-working, and cultivated. All the artists and authors spring from them, and they are wonderfully appreciative and sympathetic; the women are beautiful, and the men courteous and chivalrous. These upper middle classes are extremely influential and rich—in fact, they really govern Austria.

The capital of Austria is not German, though it is generally supposed to be so. Czechs and Hungarians and Italians have intermarried in it, and out of this mixture of races has grown the most accomplished citizen imaginable; amiable and well-educated—so well, indeed, that over-refinement and mannerism are sometimes the result. The Viennese bourgeois is witty, sensitive, and has extremely good manners. He dresses with the greatest taste; fond of teasing, he is yet very good-natured. He is faithful in his affections and to the cause he espouses. In a word, he is gay, chivalrous, and hospitable.

One exception must, however, be made in this eulogy, and that is, the men of Vienna have to be *au fait* of so many complications, the result of the number of nationalities represented in the town, they have to know so many dialects and languages, that they sometimes get quite confused, so much so as to appear almost stupid.

The upper middle classes of Vienna are as fond of amusement as are the lower. Dancing is the fashion everywhere, and any excuse is seized to indulge in it, all meetings being marked by the good-humor, grace, and light-hearted happiness of those who attend them.

It is to the good taste of the middle classes that is due the recent transformation of Vienna; the new and luxurious mansions, which replace the old houses in the modern quarters, having been built and decorated under their auspices. Vienna is the pride of an enlightened bourgeoisie, and in it are found all the modern scientific improvements.

The aristocracy, even before the Empress encouraged their disdain of the middle classes, always formed a class apart. They visit none but their own order, and on that order is concentrated all their affection, all their interest. The middle class may rise as high as they like, but they can never attain to the haughty level of the grand Austrian nobility. Some few great lords have, it is true, tried to bridge over the gulf between them and the bourgeoisie, but with very transient and partial success.

The great ladies of Vienna are all very witty, and have great powers of repartee. The Princess Metternich was a very good example of an intellectual aristocrat of Vienna, and was well appreciated in Paris.

On the return of the Emperor to the Hofburg begins an endless succession of balls at Vienna. All the members of the aristocracy rejoicing in sixteen quarterings are so nearly related to each other that they might be said to form but one family. This will explain the fact that the aristocracy is sufficient to itself, in spite of its rigid exclusiveness, and also the cruel condemnation of anything like a *mésalliance*, which affects and humiliates the whole society.

Once admitted into the Viennese aristocracy, one finds such a charm in the gayety and wit and in the security of position of the favored few, that one would gladly become a naturalized Viennese. And, as a matter of fact, a great many diplomatists, when they retire, do take up their residence in Vienna.

All the members of an aristocratic Viennese family are princes, and the lists of their names would occupy some twenty volumes. Many are poor, but the army utilizes them all. The young girls lead a most sequestered life, and their marriages are arranged entirely by their parents. Domestic dramas are, however, perhaps more frequent than formerly amongst the Viennese nobility. Young ladies of families with sixteen quarterings are brought up to believe that they will be guilty of an unpardonable crime if they love the most illustrious commoner, and worse than a crime if they marry with a view to regilding the family coat of arms. A few instances have been known in France of girls

(*Continued on page 1004.*)

* In the last edition of Baedeker's *Guide to South Germany* we read: "The Civic Arsenal has yielded its collection of weapons to the new Rathhaus."—Trans.

A TRIP ON THE ENGINE OF "THE OWL."

LIKE a dormant snake rested the long chain of sleepers, coaches, mail and express cars, unlucky thirteen in all. Its hazy length thickened and broadened in a graceful curve, from the perspective tail far off in the station's heart to a bright blinking Arimaspi eye, set in a black head, which extended beyond the entrance of the shed, and was haloed with its own moisture.

The midnight hour striking did not disturb the regular breathing of the huge monster which was so soon to rouse itself from sleep and speed on the race over the rails.

There is something drowsy in the very name of "The Owl" when connected in thought with the sleeping car, but when looked back on after an experience of a ride on the engine, it assumes marvellously active and wide-awake proportions.

The dozen or more passengers, ladened with grips and bundles, passed with quickened steps from the last ferry-boat through the iron gates to their respective cars.

The engineer, with oil can and wrench in hand, lifted himself to the tender and into the cab, and instinctively looked from the steam-gauge, which registered 160 pounds, to his watch, which warned him that in half a minute he must interrupt that regular breathing and apply the spurs to his groomed steed for a flight through the heart of night. He was already in his place, looking like a part of the well-adjusted machine he governed. His little black eyes danced nervously as he looked from lever to gauges and then out of the window to the far-away tail.

Suddenly there was a sharp smothered whistle from somewhere overhead, followed by the tolling of a bell. Then there was a decided trembling and groaning as the hand spread wide the throttle, while the now-awakened living animal uncoiled itself from the part circle in which it had slept. Then a great light shone as the fireman opened the jaws and forced food into the mouth of fire; this duty he was to perform relentlessly for several hours.

Wider the throttle opened, louder became the breathing, and stronger grew the desire in this trembling feeding giant to leap the confines of the rails and hurl itself into space. From the small light fronting the indicator a few straggling rays were thrown over the face of the engineer, exaggerating the compression of his lips as he pulled on one lever to better curb the fearful power with which he was intrusted, and on another to cover the way with a thin path of white sand for steadier foothold. The clanging of the bell became weaker as the limit of the city was reached and passed, and the vibrations were over as the great body ceased its rebellion, and submitted to the control of that strong regulating hand on its pulse. The long race with night now commenced, led on beyond the sleeping city into the open stretch of meadows under coverlet of lacelike mists. These meadows were intersected by sluggish streams, silver-coated from the face of the rising moon. Black lines were enamelled on the eastern horizon by the masts of schooners rocking gently on the bosom of the last of the tide's ebb, and waiting for the morrow of unlading. Steadier grew the motion and faster as a wicked red light half a mile ahead slowly turned to white, and marked a clear way. The glow from the opened throat leading into the breathing mass of white heat created a beautiful Rembrandt picture as it fell in high lights of copper on the face and raised muscles of the breast and arms of the attendant, who with a long lance of iron probed and scattered the consuming feverish mass.

With a rumble like thunder another city was entered and passed. It was on its outskirts that the engineer for the first time lifted himself a few inches from his narrow seat, but with hands still tightly held on air-brake and lever as he peered into a mountain of darkness ahead. Then he shouted above the noise to the fireman, who was leaning far out from the tender rail as the curve sweep was made, "What's she say?" and received the answering reply, "White eye!" Then that guardian of a host of sleeping, dreaming beings, knowing that the signal meant safety, dropped to his place, giving spur again by closing and opening valves.

On into the night the iron beast was goaded, all the while blowing high to the sky its inky breath, studded with red drops like blood. Never for a moment in that long distance could it stop to slake its consuming thirst, but it dropped its long scooping tongue, and drew in and stored away cooling draughts for its parched mouth and body of heated iron. This relief came none too soon, for immediately it started on a long climb, at first dragging its dark body swiftly and steadily past wraiths of skinned trees, whose only limbs were twisted above their heads, and over them ran talking fire.

The climb grew steeper, and with it came slower pace; but gentle coaching from that rapidly moving and sure hand seemed to encourage the great body with a caress as it put forward every effort.

Girdles were loosened as the elevation was reached, and it plunged forward with heavy but relieved breathing on the down grade and into the midst of a storm cloud, which for a few minutes covered the face of the moon, and seemed to have been sent on the sole mission of rewarding the effort of the puffing hero, whose sides and head it cooled.

On it sped, through hamlets and cities, and high above rivers with their burnished pathways, leaving a shadowy wake quick to vanish. Now its speed increased as nourishment was forced upon it by that watchful attendant, now diminished, as ahead a warning red eye, bloodshot with danger, refused to move until compelled to do so by a prolonged shrill shriek, weird and almost human, which caused the dreaming passenger to turn restlessly in his sleep.

Far away on the straight stretch of track flickered a tiny light, which rapidly increased in size, and seemed directly in the narrow pathway of the monster in whose head we sat. Larger and steadier became the light; then, like a shot from some superhuman machine or a meteor in flight, it was beside us and away, leaving a trace of its panting breath in odor and moisture.

This meeting and passing of the two Owls in their north and south bound runs was the herald of the first breaking away of the banked clouds in the east, so the engineer screamed to us, and it was true, for the forms which had before been indistinguishable and vague now took some definite shape.

A few miles more and checked pace told the story of a stop. How quickly that guardian of the throttle was on the ground, crawling on hands and knees, as he rapidly felt this journal, now that, and filled tiny brass openings full to overflowing with oil. During this stop active hands in the mail coaches were throwing out and receiving bags filled with thousands of messages, many to be read shortly after the sun's awakening.

Quickly speed was gathered in the continued flight; now the curling smoke of the morning fires could be seen as villages were passed. Closer grew the signals of green, red, and white, and tighter the engineer grasped the handles of which he seemed a part. Then came a blockade of tracks and signals; the dropping and raising of arms, thirty feet in air, holding lights ever changing from red to white; the crumbling and crushing sound as a check was placed on the feet of the beast; the repeated pushing backward and forward of a little five-inch steel handle monitoring the air; then a trembling and a halt under the great roof. Here, save for the regular throbbing of the great thing's heart and its wheezing, all was still.

It was not night, nor yet quite day, as we alighted and shook hands with this modern centaur our guide; he said:

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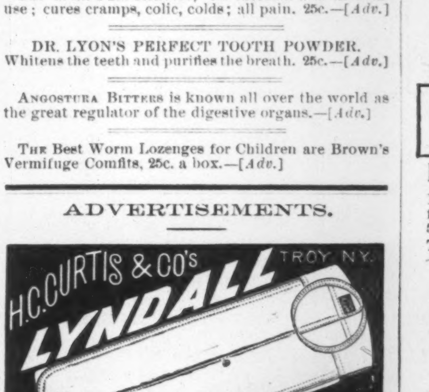

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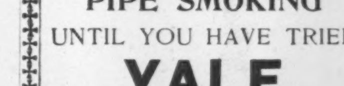

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VIEW OF VIENNA.

VIENNA.—*(Continued from page 1002.)*

having made *mésalliances*, but at Vienna, if we are to believe members of the nobility, there is not an instance of such a thing in ten years, and hands are lifted to Heaven in pious horror at the mere mention of such a possibility. With men, marrying beneath them is less fatal, though it closes the court to them. Financiers occupy a very important position in Vienna. Formerly they were all barons, for the iron coronet ennobled them, but since a scandal known to all the world, this decoration no longer confers the title of baron on its owner.

A WASHER-WOMAN.

The aristocracy do not mix with the financiers. Now and then a scion of an impoverished house marries the daughter of a Jewish banker, who adopts the religion of her husband, but the number of such alliances is very few compared to those amongst the poor nobles.

I have just said that the aristocracy do not mix with the financiers, but they do meddle with finance, for a great many nobles become managers of banks.

The Rothschilds occupy a unique position in the financial world, and are accepted by the aristocracy. Their good taste is proverbial; they receive, help, and encourage artists. Their manners and mode of life are imitated as much as may be by their co-religionists, but their generosity is rarely copied except by Baron von Hirsch, who now and then flings his money about very freely.

It is not easy to get to know Viennese ladies well, although they frequent the streets and balls in elegant costumes, and are to be constantly seen in the winter at the Schlittschuhlauf-verein, or Skaters' meeting. It is only at this meeting that the aristocracy mix at all with the middle classes, so that the gathering is like a scene from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Beauty and grace abound. All the spirit, the go, the elegance, of the waltz is reproduced on the ice by the fair skaters, combined with a skill and play of fancy which quite turn the head of the other sex. Wonderful, too, is the promenade on the Ringstrasse on Sunday from eleven to two o'clock. The coming and going give one a chance of having a good look at the beautiful women, some of whom are exquisitely lovely, the young girls walking together with the easy grace peculiar to the Viennese, and which makes them so altogether irresistible.

The young girl of the upper middle classes of Vienna is of a type altogether unique.

A CAFÉ CONCERT.

She is not quite like an English or quite like a French maiden; she has less self-possession than the former, less timidity than the latter. Whether walking alone or with her friends, she is always correct in her deportment, always free from anything like affectation. The number of superior schools has long been great in Vienna; they are well attended, and have turned out generation after generation of young girls who may really be looked upon as perfect types of well-educated European women. They have a charming ease and assurance of manner; their opinions are altogether their own, without being paradoxical; they are melancholy without being sad; they are delightful talkers, and tell you naïvely, without any coquetry, that they seek the poetry of existence. Do not suppose from this that they require the impossible, that they aim at an ideal that can never be realized. No; they have that wisdom which we may characterize as sapient, that is to say, a mixture of the wisdom that comes of reason and knowledge combined. The peculiarity of the Viennese woman is that she is practical without being prosy, reasonable without being worldly, and that she is grace personified without being frivolous.

The young men—that is to say, the students—are less headstrong and less pedantic than those of Berlin. There are a great many students at Vienna, and masters and pupils—especially the former—are all superior men. They are not so devoted to details and to the infinitely little as are the Berlin professors; their aims are less petty, less microbic; they leave scope for soaring above the needs of the moment. If they do not turn out poets, at least their scholars have poetic aspirations and liberal views of the work in life for which they are preparing.

The least pretext is enough for the students to get up a banquet, and a *Commerz*, or students' fête, is a curious sight. At these meetings the young fellows sing, drink, and hold forth with an air of conviction which recalls other days. There is a wonderful feeling of good-fellowship between the professors and their pupils, but this does not lessen at all the respect felt for the former; etiquette is laid aside for a moment at the fêtes, but the next day the old superiority is resumed.

The University of Vienna is very ancient, and was founded in 1635. There are about 130 professors, 2500 students, and nearly as many free scholars.

There is not much literary society at Vienna, and no salons in which men and women of letters meet each other. On the other hand, the studies at the university are very severe, and the students form a society of their own. Whether Austrians or Germans, the writers of Vienna have their works printed at Leipsic or Berlin, whilst Poles send their MSS. to Warsaw, and Hungarians to Buda-Pesth. No Viennese house ever published the works of a living author. Vienna has great poets, but they are never honored until after their death. It is a great pity that the capital of Austria, which is a natural intellectual centre, cannot become also a literary centre. This causes a great void, the consequences of which are very serious for the political world. Austria will never have a national literature. In spite of her authors of various nationalities, and some of them are

THE GRABEN.

remarkable—in fact, incomparable—she has no great literary and artistic capital, such as is owned in every other country in Europe; and foreign authors, unlike all other visitors to Vienna, find themselves isolated. A native play is scarcely known in Vienna, and even at the Hofburg Theatre nothing but German pieces are given. In spite of state support, plays are borrowed entire from abroad, and classic or modern pieces are produced under the direction of Adolphus Sonnenthal, who is as great an interpreter of tragedy as is Madame Walter. This lady is now the greatest of all actresses; her voice and gestures are absolutely incomparable. Though a woman of the very highest character, on whose good name no breath of scandal has ever cast the slightest slur, she plays Messalina with appalling truth. She is as powerful as she is graceful, as full of feeling as she is of dignity; the compass of her voice is complete, and her representation of a character is always so lifelike that the spectator can never, however vivid his imagination, disassociate her rendering from his idea of the original.

The Emperor goes direct to the theatre from his apartments without passing through any street or square, so that he runs no risk of assassination.

In the greenroom one meets a number of the chief actors who have played at the Hofburg Theatre. In former times pieces were given in this building written in the different dialects of the empire, but on account of the many disputes about languages they have been given up, which is a pity, as they were the embodiment of a great variety of talent, and encouraged an *esprit de corps* in the people of Vienna.

The favorite theatre of the aristocracy is the Imperial Opera-house, at which are given classic pieces or the works of the best modern composers. It is quite the finest theatre in Vienna, and was built between 1861 and 1869 after the plans of Van der Nüll and Siccardsburg.

The representations begin at six or seven o'clock, and end between nine and ten. The staircase, which is in the Moorish style, is very fine,

(Continued on page 1006.)

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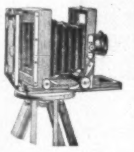

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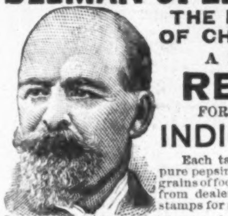

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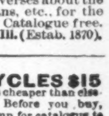

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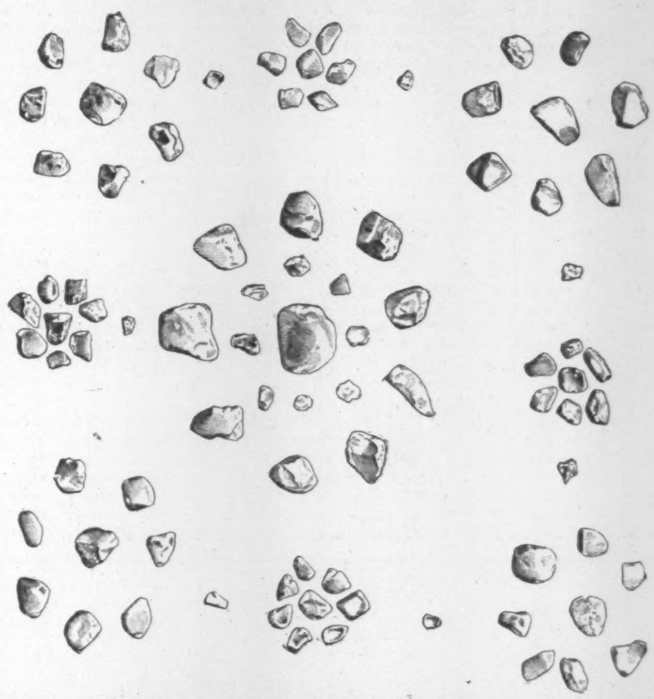

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Statement of DR. JNO. HERBERT CLAIBORNE, M.A., M.D., *of Petersburg, Va., ex-President and Honorary Fellow Medical Society of Virginia:*

Petersburg, Va., September 5th, 1892.

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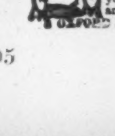

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ACROSS the turnpike darts the wary quail,
 The swallow circles sportively on high,
 And wrapt in dreams the misty pastures lie,
While crickets chirp round mossy stone and rail.
Long strips of beryl through the distance trail,
 And with the rose and turquoise richly vie,
 Till all is softly blurred from earth to sky,
And deepening shadows o'er the landscape sail.
Through the still twilight's dim and misty folds
 Pulses the plaintive wailing of the loon
 On lonely moors with heather blowing free,
And o'er the sunset's lingering pinks and golds
 The slim red sickle of the harvest-moon
 Drops through night's starry silence to the sea.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

VIENNA.

(*Continued from page 1004.*)

and the lobby is a grand gallery adorned with busts and statues of dramatic authors. All the modern improvements have been introduced into this theatre, in which the temperature is kept always the same. The building is capable of holding 3000 spectators. The curtain, on which Rahl has represented the legend of Orpheus, is so beautiful that it enchains the attention at once, even when it falls on the most thrilling scene. One day, when I was admiring it, I suddenly caught sight of Count Julius Andrassy, who had just entered his box, and I was quite struck by his worn appearance. In spite of his careful toilette he looked old and broken down.

At the Theatre an der Wien are given nothing but operettas by Viennese composers, such as Strauss and Millocker, with a few French pieces. It is here that the idol of the Viennese, Alexander Girardi, performs, and his comic singing and acting are both so natural and so full of spirit that one really does not know which to admire most.

A new theatre, known as the Volk's Theatre, has lately been opened under the direction of Emeric Bucovics, at which are given popular plays of different nationalities, chiefly Austrian. In fact, there are really a great many good actors and talented singers in Austria, even in the second-rate theatres. The people, without being exacting, are all good judges, for they are most of them musicians and artists. I may also mention the Josephstadt Theatre in an outlying suburb, where comedies, farces, and characteristic Viennese pieces are given.

The environs of Vienna are not all of equal beauty. The left bank of the Danube, though very fertile, and, as I have already said in speaking of the March, rich in historic interest, i- wanting in picturesqueness. On the other hand, we have on the right bank the beautiful castle and gardens of Schönbrunn, where, as all the world knows, Napoleon took up his residence as a conqueror in 1805 and 1809, and where his son, the King of Rome—or rather the Duke of Reichstadt—by a strong irony of fate which should afford food for reflection to invaders, died in 1832, in the very room occupied by his father. The duke is buried near his mother, Maria Louisa, in the Capuchin Church.

The gardens of Schönbrunn are laid out in the best French style, and the beds and fountains are adorned with fine statues by Boyer. From a platform known as the Gloriette, on a hill, a very fine view of Vienna is obtained. The rooms in the castle are decorated with perfect taste, in the best style of the eighteenth century. They were furnished by Maria Theresa, and are alike simple and grand.

Not far from Schönbrunn, on the river Wien, is the pretty and picturesque country town of Hietzing, where are many fine seats of the aristocracy, and numerous celebrated restaurants and villas.

The valley of Brühl should be visited by all who wish to see the most picturesque district within reach of Vienna. The Brühl is a deep valley, the beauty of which has been artificially increased, to which many interesting paths and roads lead. The rock-cut approaches are admirably chosen, and afford beautiful views as the visitor descends them. The ancient abbey of the Heiligen Kreuz, or Holy Cross, must not be forgotten, in which is a fine Roman chapel, with the tombs of the Babenbergs, the first Austrian dukes.

Yet more interesting than that of Schönbrunn is the Laxemburg Castle, dating from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, with a character of its own in spite of the mixture of styles. The Gothic chapel and some fine tombs should be specially noticed.

Other characteristic features of the environs of Vienna are the famous springs at Baden, and the Helenenthal, with its old ruins, whilst a little further away are the Kahlenberg and the Leopoldsberg. It is on the Kahlenberg that I should like to stay. I ascend this mountain in a carriage, and watch the play of light and shade, the beautiful undulating lines of the wide-stretched horizon, and go back to Vienna in the little tram-car, on the model of that of the Righi. It is a pleasure that can never be forgotten.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837. By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
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THE COLUMBIAN SERVICES AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

THE ceremonies at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery by Columbus were most imposing and impressive. Mr. Snyder's drawing gives a good idea of the processional with which the services opened. St. Patrick's is well adapted for gorgeous ceremonies of this kind, and the vestments of the priests and the robes of the acolytes and altar boys added very much to the picturesqueness of the sacred pageant. Columbus was a most pious Catholic, and it was therefore particularly fitting that in the churches of the Roman dispensation his memory should be honored and his great deeds celebrated. The procession was headed by about forty altar boys dressed in cassocks and surplices; then a body of clergymen, two by two, in berettas, cassocks, and surplices. Following was borne the sacred thurifer, with burning incense in the censer; following was a Sub-Deacon of the cathedral carrying the archiepiscopal cross, and on either side was an acolyte carrying a burning candle; next walked the two masters of ceremonies, and behind them another Sub-Deacon carrying the book of Gospels; following were the Deacon and assistant priest, and behind them the Archbishop, with a Deacon of Honor on either side. The Archbishop's train was borne by two bearers, each in cassock and surplice. The Archbishop was followed by the minister for the crosier and minister for the genials walking side by side, and then by the ministers for the mitres, the missal, and the candle. The music at St. Patrick's, always good, was notably fine on this day, and the whole service was worthy of the great occasion.

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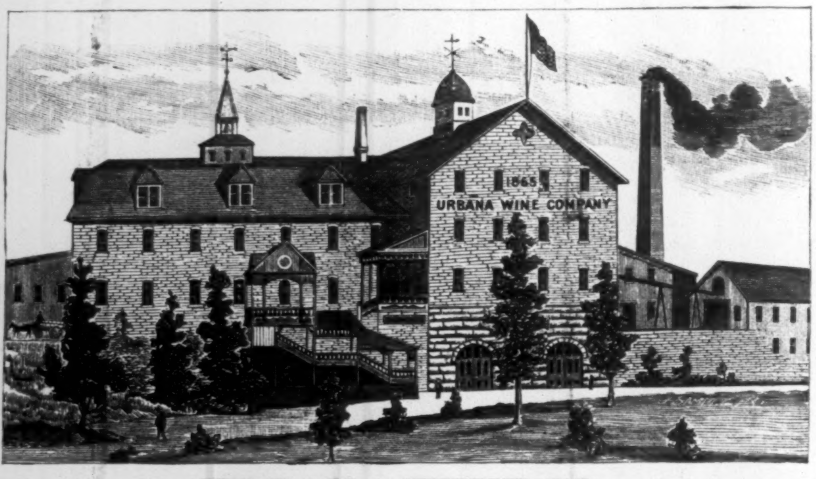

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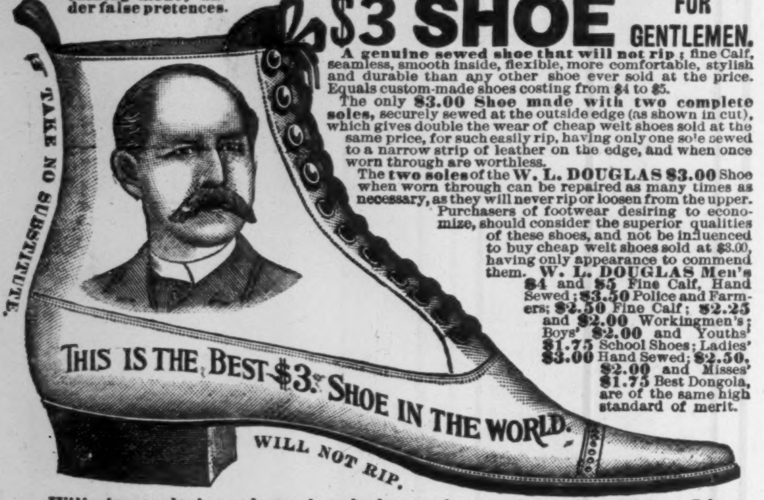

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S CHALLENGE for the *America's* Cup, so long talked of, has at length materialized, though we shall not know its character until after its reading at the special meeting, October 18th, of the New York Yacht Club, called for that purpose.

It is not likely Dunraven has waived his objections to the new Deed of Gift under which the cup is held, objections shared in common by all sportsmen, be they English or American. And it seems quite as unlikely that the clique in the N. Y. Y. C. which has heretofore "managed" the *America's* Cup will withdraw the obnoxious dimensions clause. Because once upon a time, many years ago, one English yachtsman tried to get the better of a racing contract, the N. Y. Y. C. appears inclined to set down English yachtsmen for evermore as knaves and American yachtsmen as simpletons.

Why not found an asylum for racing American yachtsmen, where every presumptuous and designing foreigner may be challenged at the entrance gate, and where the comings and goings of each subscriber are under the careful supervision of a distinguished committee.

The present Deed of Gift is not sportsmanlike. We have no right to ask from the challenger more than the water-line length and rig. For the rest, the record of the American sportsman shows that he is quite able to take care of himself even against a bold, bad Englishman.

There has grown up in the N. Y. Y. C. in the last few years an element not in sympathy with the *America's* Cup Committee, and on these sportsmanlike members hang all our hopes of international yacht-racing. If they are strong enough to carry the day on the 18th, we shall go back to the deed under which *Puritan*, *Volunteer*, and *Mayflower* won their great victories over the English boats, and there will be a boom in American yachting which it very much needs.

If Royal P. Carroll's 84-foot Herreshoff cutter turns out to be a fast boat, as it is pretty apt to, we shall have some good racing in home waters before he sends her abroad to bring back the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, won by the *Genesta* in '85. The former is held now by a yawl, *Wendur*, and the latter by *Irex*, neither of them formidable.

THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB will manage the Yale-Princeton Thanksgiving-day football game. Next to the organization of the University Athletic Club itself, this is the best occurrence of the year. It is proper that this club, composed of college men, should lend its protection to all large college games held in this city. In time it will also take charge of the intercollegiate athletic championships. The question of money does not enter into the matter; it is the question of keeping these matches, that in the last few years have grown to attract a big "gate," free of the professional element; of keeping them distinctively college games, and not money-making affairs for speculators and their ilk. It is a labor of love with the University Athletic Club, but one that will be repaid by the blessing of every college man in the land. This year the tickets will have one price; there will be no auctioning off to the highest bidder of seats, boxes, and coach spaces, and speculators will not rule the day.

NOW THAT THE YALE TEAM has played a game, one can measure with more accuracy the exact value of the tales of woe that have, with their annual frequency, emanated from the subsidized or subdued newspaper correspondents in New Haven. The loss of Heffelfinger, Morison, McClung *et al.*, would be enough in all conscience to furnish a text for a dozen lugubrious paragraphs, but Yale has run that dodge so far into the ground that one only glances at such carefully prepared articles and waits until an opportunity offers of seeing the eleven face some organized team. Last year the score with Wesleyan, in the opening game of the season, was a close one, and Wesleyan came nearer actual scoring than it did last Wednesday, but the games themselves were vastly different. Last year Yale was easily master of the situation, in spite of the score, but both teams played wretched football. This year Yale was by no means comfortable at any moment, although the work of one or two veterans like McCormick, Hinkey, and L. Bliss saved it in what would speedily have developed into critical situations.

THE HALF-BACK WORK OF BOTH TEAMS was good, and the punting of Wesleyan's full back excellent. But the line-work, particularly of Yale, was something atrocious. Heretofore Yale has followed out the theory of first making a good line at any cost, and then taking care of the men behind it. This year her management has, for some occult reason, reversed the order, and for the first time in a number of years Yale seems to be drifting away from the principles laid down in the time of such men as Peters, that the main strength and backbone of any football team must always lie in the rush line. Many a season has it appeared that Yale was devoting almost no attention to development behind the line, so much energy were her coachers putting into perfecting the forwards. Last year this idea was carried to the extreme, perhaps, for the Yale halves and back did not pretend to be kickers, and their running was dependent upon the perfection of interference in the line It is dangerous for Yale to neglect this cardinal principle of her former play. Harvard and Princeton learned the lesson last year, and they will not lose sight of it. Both had exceptional kickers (though Trafford's work was much inferior to that of the previous year); one had fully as strong a runner as Yale, and yet both suffered defeat through lack of experienced forward-line play. Little stock need be taken in the annual howl about losing good men. Yale has lost good men before, and replaced them.

IN ARMSTRONG AND COCHRAN Captain McCormick has found two extremely promising men. Armstrong plays a good tackle, not showy, but quick and clever Cochran does the same on the end, and either one could fill the other's position after a little practice. They are not heavy men, but seem sound, and possess brains, which is better even than brawn. Cochran did a little playing last year, and was looked upon as a man sure to find a place later in his course; but Armstrong is fresh from Andover, where he put up good football. He goes just over 160 pounds in weight.

Cross, from the Groton school, is a strapping fellow, who stands well on his feet and has had some experience. His position is guard, and when he learns how to tackle in the line will be a strong candidate. Neither in him nor Beard will there be a second Heffelfinger. Graves's coaching as a kicker seems to have been a lamentable failure, as he was never in it with his Wesleyan opponent. Stillman was slow and unsteady, although better than last year. The old men, excepting Sanford, seemed to be up to their work; but Sanford was only a toy before Newton, who enticed him into squabbling, and then let the runner through the opening, or, when the ball was Yale's, got through himself.

PRINCETON'S FOOTBALL PROSPECTS ARE BETTER than they have been for several years. To begin with, the team has a captain in Phil King who will do for Princeton's eleven what Hartwell did last spring for Yale's crew—he will get the very best work out of them, and that means considerable when you look the candidates over carefully. Moreover, the businesslike manner in which he goes at his work augurs well for his success. He gives his men a great amount of individual coaching, and I do not think I ever saw a captain watch his men more closely in a game. Every misplay is noted, and the player carefully coached. The best move Captain King has made so far was to put himself at half back instead of at quarter. He is made for a half, is speedy, and a strong line bucker, and has been putting up a good game even this early. Johnny Poe, who has been put at quarter, is not so good as was King there, being very slow, especially in passing for a kick. But it is too early to criticise the players, as they have hardly become toughened up yet nor got down to the hard work of the game.

HOMANS IS BACK IN HIS POSITION at full, and has been doing some good kicking and making a number of pretty runs. The other old men back are Holly, Flint, Symmes, Wheeler, and Vincent. Riggs is back, but his playing is only a possibility, while Harold has gone into the electrical school, and says he will not play again. The new men include Balliett, Fiscus, Bert Lea, Hall, Bartels, and Trenchard; the last-named was a member of the baseball nine, and Balliett comes from Lehigh, where he made a reputation as being one of the best of last season's centres. Bartels has done some good work as a bucking half, running hard and low, but does not show good judgment when left to himself. Bert dodges well, but fumbles. It is hardly fair to look too closely into the work of these men yet. There are some splendid specimens among the green ones for the line, but it will be a couple of weeks before they begin to shape up. Wheeler shows great improvement on last year in tackling, breaking through, and blocking. Holly has suffered some thus far from his right arm, and has done nothing of note.

VINCENT SPRAINED HIS ANKLE the second day of the season, and nothing can be said of him except that he is expected to make a name for himself this season at, very likely, right end. In fact, nothing can be said of Princeton now except that the old men who have played have shown improvement and the green ones give much promise. In ten days we shall be able to really see what there is in them.

Balliett at centre is a great improvement on Symmes. Trenchard has been playing well at end. He tackles low and hard, is a good worker, and has shown up well thus far. Lea at end is a new man, and expected to develop into something very good. He comes from St. Paul's, and has put up a tiptop game for so early in the season. He interferes and tackles well, and appears to learn rapidly. Fiscus is also expected to make a guard. Right tackle seems just now to be the one point in the line that is not provided for. Flint and Davis have been playing there, but neither of them is good enough.

The game with Lehigh showed the greenness of Princeton men, who fumbled badly, and let many valuable opportunities slip. Lehigh circled Princeton's end several times.

ALTHOUGH HARVARD HAS PLAYED no team strong enough to bring out what she can do, Captain Trafford is gradually getting his men into shape, and already some idea may be formed of the course he will pursue and the manner in which he intends to have them coached. Every afternoon considerable time is spent in individual coaching by such men as Lee, Cranston, and Perry Trafford. The green men are taken one side and taught the rudiments of the game, while the veterans are kept busy refreshing their ideas as to what they were once able to do. At the close of the afternoon a short practice game is played, during which as much individual coaching as possible is given. Newell, Hallowell, Waters, Gage, Lake, and Trafford form a strong nucleus about which to gather a splendid eleven, especially with such men as Mason, Fairchild, Lewis, Brewer, and a score of others to call upon. In fact, there is any quantity of first-class material, and, as usual at Cambridge, the question is not of material, but rather *the way* the material is to be handled between now and November.

NEWELL, HALLOWELL, RUSSELL, MASON, ACTON, Collamore, and Lewis are strong enough, big enough, and quick enough to meet any rush line, provided they are properly trained. Both Gage and Fairchild possess the necessary qualifications for a quarter back. Lake can be counted on to fill one half-back's position, provided he is not killed off by being driven into the line too often early in the season. The other half-back's position will be hard to fill Corbett is doing his regular amount of show work, but he must play well in a big game before proving himself to be made of the right stuff. It may have been the fortunes of war, but certainly I think he was found wanting at critical times during last season's play. Brewer will make a close contest for the position of full back. Even thus early in the season he is kicking much better than Trafford.

There is an air of mystery about the tricks which the eleven are to use this year. Some say that Mr. Delan has stumbled upon a few plays which will revolutionize the game of football. It seems hardly credible that a man who has never played the game should be able to tell others how to play it, yet he may think out some few plays which will be of great service to the Harvard eleven.

The best thing Harvard can do, however, is to get all her best coachers, and then drill, drill, drill her men to perfection. It is noteworthy that in big games the simplest plays, *well executed*, have gained the most ground. There is rarely time in a big match to bring off the elaborate schemes that may have been formulated on the practice field.

What Harvard lacked last year was hard low tackling and concerted action in her team plays. If Captain Trafford will give this his attention, and obtain the assistance of a driving, energetic coach like Cumnock to drill these principles into the men, and keep hammering away at them, the result at Springfield next November will be much more satisfactory.

The failure of last year's eleven, and this year's crew, both composed of magnificent individuals, emphasizes the necessity of team-work. Harvard needs Cumnock.

WESLEYAN GAVE YALE A SURPRISE in their first game of the season, October 5th, and the former made a showing that must effectually settle all objections to her remaining in the Association. Of course the small score is due largely to the fact that Yale tried a few new men in the first half, which she replaced later through courtesy of the Wesleyan captain by older stock, but Wesleyan's good play was in strong contrast to the loose work of her opponents.

Billy Bull has accomplished a great deal with the Middletown men, and the prospect of Wesleyan turning out a good team, better than her average in the past, is most encouraging. Material is scarce, but what there is is strong, though very slow. The most likely candidates are, Gordon, full back and captain; Kurt and Page, halves; Stark, quarter; North, centre; Cutts and Newton, guards; Fuller and Howard, tackles—though one of them will probably give way to Hall, who has returned—Smith and Pomeroy, ends; the others, in their order of merit, are Parshley, quarter; Cobb, centre; Saxe, Searles, Piper, guards; Singer and Briggs for tackles and ends; Anderson, half back. Nothing shows the greatly increased interest in the game at Wesleyan so much as the number of candidates. Heretofore Gordon had a morning's hunt to get up a second eleven; now they come without the asking. Gordon and Newton are the stars of the team, the former's punting being particularly strong. Smith at end is good; Cutts will work into shape by November, Stark's interference is especially good; Fuller, Howard, and Pomeroy are promising, as are also Page and Kurt.

CORNELL NEVER HAD SUCH A BOOM in football. Nearly every man at the university is studying the well-written pamphlet on the game Captain Johanson has recently circulated among them, and candidates are working with enthusiasm. The rumor that Hall of Wesleyan is going to Cornell is untrue. The team has played none strong enough to show what it can do, but the fact that most of its old men are back, and that it will be captained again by Johanson, means its form will be still better than last year's. Hanson and Brussels will take care of the centre, and there is first-class material for guards in Wagner, Griffith, Baker, and Warner; Barr and Johanson will be at tackle as last year. Floy has left college, and Young cannot play, which leaves an end and full back to be filled. There is an abundance of candidates, and nearly all good men; Harvey and Strait for full; Osgood, Witherbee, and Bobbins for halves. White of last year's team is trying again for quarter, as are Atkinson and Mason.

A game has been arranged with Harvard for November 5th, at Springfield, and with Princeton here November 16th.

LEHIGH MADE A GOOD SHOWING against Princeton, especially when the difference of weight in their rush line is considered, and the result is complimentary to coach Hartwell. In Lehigh's game against Swarthmore they put up some good team-work, and kept the latter down to very few gains. Against the banging of Princeton's heavy line they lacked concentration, but still their defensive play was well backed, and several times Princeton lost the ball on four downs. Trafton, in the centre against Balliett, held his place well when snapping the ball, but did little towards breaking Princeton's play. However, he used good head, and will keep the average centres very busy. The balance of the team, except Richey and Hutchinson, is the average of smaller colleges.

Richey played a strong game at tackle against Holly; he did some good running and hard tackling, but was weak in backing up end runs and on kicks. Hutchinson's full back is a good dodger, and, with any show, will slip an ordinary man on a tackle; his kicking is fair, but his interference is not very strong, and he has a tendency to fumble. Ordway is a fighter for ground, but fails to hit the line with any speed. As a whole, the eleven is weak in centre on defensive and fails to form well on offensive, thereby missing effective team-work.

AMHERST HAS NOT BEGUN THE SEASON very promisingly, despite the fact that she has C. O. Gill, the old Yale star, and one of the best coachers in America. The cause appears to be a lack of enthusiasm, without which no amount of coaching can put a team in winning form. There are no star players at Amherst, and if she expects to win it must be by excellent team-work, hence it behooves every football player in the college to *work*. The eleven needs good heavy forwards, and there are some strong-looking men in the college, but they won't play, and unless they do there will be very weak places in the rush line. There are scarcely any substitutes for an emergency. The game won from Trinity—28–0—does not indicate much, as Trinity seemed to have an unusually weak team, and several of Amherst's points were won by flukes.

THE INDIFFERENT SHOWING of the Philadelphian cricketers in the series of matches concluded last week against the Gentlemen of Ireland, and the remembrance of last year's showing against Lord Hawkes's team, must convince impartial critics that American cricket, despite all claims to the contrary, has made little if any advance during the past few seasons. This is doubtless due in some measure to a lack of practice against cricketers of the highest rank.

The almost ridiculous ease with which the team from "the home of American cricket" defeated in turn the professionals and All Canada, coupled with the poor form displayed by the Irishmen in Boston and New York, probably gave the native players an exaggerated idea of their own abilities and a mistaken conception of the visitors'. They awakened to their mistake too late to remedy it, and probably the lesson of their failure will prove useful in more than one respect.

There is evidently something radically wrong with the present system of choosing representative Philadelphia elevens. Neither F. E. Brewster nor William Brockie, on this season's form, were entitled to places on these teams. When cricketers are chosen for their ability rather than for their pedigree, Philadelphian cricket will be in a healthier condition than it is to-day. As for the Irish Gentlemen, they have worked hard to win the series, and although we must regret the defeat our cricketers have virtually sustained, we are bound to declare the visitors the pluckiest lot of men that have ever visited our shores, even if others have surpassed them in individual brilliancy. Some effort should be made to bring these matches off earlier in the season. They would be infinitely more enjoyable if they were played before the cool weather sets in. Summary—First match the Irishmen won by 127 runs; the second they lost by 24 runs. The third match was drawn because of cold, with the visitors 168 in first inning, and 6 wickets down in the second for 87. Philadelphia scored 133 in first inning, and had not reached second.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—WITH 31 ILLUSTRATIONS.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.